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# VICK'S Magazine

July 1905



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C. J. MC CARTHY

VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, DANSVILLE, NEW YORK

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# THE STORY OF KORNIT

## THE EARNING POWER OF MONEY

If you will carefully cast over in your mind and pick out twenty of the wealthiest people you personally know, you will find in each case that it is a fact that years ago each one of these persons, or their ancestors, learned how to make a little money do a whole lot of work, and that now they and their children reap the benefit in a golden harvest. You can do the same. Only you must make a beginning. Here is a Financial Opportunity. Take advantage of it now—not to-morrow but right now, to-day. You are making money. Why not invest a little and later on reap the benefit? It is the wise thing to do, and the wise and thoughtful people who are doing it are the ones that live in ease.

## A FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITY

By President CHARLES E. ELLIS



Pres. Charles E. Ellis  
that the electrical industry in this country at This Time Does Not Have a satisfactory material for heavy or high insulating purposes. A slab of Kornit one inch thick was tested in Trenton, New Jersey, by the Imperial Porcelain Works and was Found to Have Resisted 9,000 Volts of Electricity. It may be interesting to note here that the heaviest voltage which is transmitted in this country is between Niagara, Buffalo and Lockport, New York. The voltage transmitted by this company is between 40,000 and 50,000 volts. Kornit is equally as good as a non-conductor for electrical purposes and supplies as is hard rubber.

The average price of hard vulcanized rubber for electrical purposes is to-day considerably over one dollar per pound—at the present writing something like \$1.25 per pound.

Kornit can be Sold at Twenty-five Cents per Pound and an Enormous profit can be made at this price, so that it Can Easily be Seen that where Kornit is Equally as Good and as a Matter of Fact, in many instances, a Better non-conductor than hard rubber, it can compete in every case where it can be used with great success on account of its price. For electrical panel boards, switchboards, fuse boxes, cut-outs, etc., there are other materials used, such as vulcanized paper fibre, slate, marble, etc. A piece of vulcanized paper fibre, 2x4x1 inch, in lots of 1,000, brings 20 cents per piece. A piece of Kornit of the Same Dimensions could be sold with the Enormous Profit of over 100 Per Cent, at 10 cents. The absorptive qualities of Kornit render it such that It is Far Preferable to that of vulcanized fibre. It will not maintain a flame. Of all the materials which are now in the electrical market for supplies and insulators there is, as we have stated above, none that are satisfactory. Kornit will fill this place. Its tensile strength per square inch averages from 1,358 pounds to 1,811 pounds, which the reader can readily see, Is More Than Satisfactory. This test was made by well known electrical engineer, who is now acting in that capacity for the

United States Government with a Standard Richter Bros. testing machine.



MR. JOHANN GUSTAV BIERICH  
The Inventor of Kornit, in his Summer Garden, at Menkenhof, Russia.

\$3,000. At this price it would be selling for less than one-fifth of what hard rubber would cost, and about one-half what other competitive materials would sell for even though they would not be as satisfactory as Kornit.

Kornit has been in use in Russia about four years. In Riga, Russia, which is the largest seaport town of Eastern Russia, the Electrical Unions there are using Kornit with the greatest satisfaction, finding it preferable to any other insulating material.

The expense of manufacturing Kornit from the horn shavings is not large, as the patentee, Mr. Bierich, has invented an economical and satisfactory process which produces an article that, in the near future, will be used in the construction of almost every building in this country.

Besides electrical insulators, Kornit can be used for the manufacturing of furniture, buttons, door handles, umbrella, cane, knife and fork handles, brush and sword handles, revolver handles, mirror backs, picture frames, toilet accessories, such as fancy glove boxes, jewel cases, glove stretchers, shoe lifts, etc.; office utensils, such as paper knife and pen holders, ink stands, pen racks, medical instruments, such as syringes, ear trumpets, etc., etc., pieces for games, such as draughts, chessmen, dominoes, checkers, counters, chips, cribbage boards, etc.; telephone ear pieces, stands, etc.; piano keys, typewriter keys, adding machine and cash register keys, tea trays, ash trays, scoops, mustard and other spoons, salad sets, cigar and cigarette cases, cigar and cigarette holders, match boxes, and hundreds of other useful and ornamental articles, all at a large and remunerative profit.

### The Great Demand for Kornit in this Country

There is one manufacturer alone here in New York that uses 60,000 square feet of insulating material for panel boards every year. He is now using slate and marble, but IT IS NOT SATISFACTORY, for the reason that in boring and transportation it breaks so easily. Kornit will answer the purpose of Manufacturing Panel Boards Very Much More Satisfactorily. On 60,000 square feet of Kornit there would be a net profit of over \$30,000, or 50 cents for every square

foot used. This One Example is cited to show you The Enormous Profits which can be made. There are a great many other panel and switchboard manufacturers in this country. You may be interested to know that a panel board is a small switchboard. There is one or more on every floor of all large buildings where electricity is used. They each have a number of switches mounted on them, so that those in charge can turn certain lights on or off, and by these panel boards all the electrical power in the building is controlled. They must be of a reliable non-conducting material. Kornit can be used for this purpose almost exclusively. The largest electrical manufacturing concerns in Riga, Russia, are using Kornit only for This Purpose, after having tried all other so-called non-conducting compositions. The electrical trades alone can consume a great many tons of Kornit every day in the year. If only two tons of Kornit are manufactured and sold every working day in the year It Will Enable the Kornit Manufacturing Company to Pay 16 Per Cent Dividends Every Year. Of course, if four tons a day are sold the dividends would be 32 per cent per year. This is Not Improbable. An Expert Electrical Engineer who holds one of the most responsible positions here in New York City made this statement, after thoroughly examining and testing Kornit for electrical purposes, that in his most conservative estimation there can be ten tons of manufactured Kornit sold every working day in the first year. This would mean that the Kornit Manufacturing Company would pay a dividend out of its earnings the first year of over seventy-five per cent (75%). This is probably more than will be paid the first year, but there certainly seems to be a good prospect of paying a large dividend the first year.

There will be such an enormous demand for Kornit after it becomes introduced that from year to year the dividends earned will become larger and larger. This is the best opportunity to make an investment that you have ever had.

It is a well known fact that the most legitimate and profitable way to make money is by manufacturing some product that is "Necessary" and one that can be fully controlled so that nobody else can manufacture the same article. Look at sugar (which is protected by a high tariff), at Standard Oil, the Telephone, the Telegraph, and we might go on and enumerate many more monopolies. They are the big money makers of to-day. Kornit cannot be manufactured by anybody in this country except ourselves or our agents. We own all the patents issued by the United States Government to the inventor, Mr. Johann Gustav Bierich, in Russia. These patents have been bought from Mr. Bierich and are duly transferred to the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and the same is duly recorded in the patent office of the United States.

We Have a Fine Factory Complete in Every Detail  
WE have a fine factory in Newark, N. J. (Belleville Station),

in a most excellent location, handy to the cars and also to the shipping. Our factory is entirely completed and we are manufacturing Kornit.

This is one of the important epochs in my life, and, I firmly believe, in the history of the manufacturing business in this country.

Mr. Kurt Bierich, son of the inventor, who is a graduate of Freiburg University, Germany, arrived here from Russia on the 12th of last month, to take full charge of the scientific conducting of our factory. Mr. Kurt

Bierich spent two years in his father's factory at Menkenhof, Russia, and six months at the workshops in Riga, Russia, mastering every minute detail of the manufacturing and working departments. Mr. Bierich, Jr., has been employed for six months recently in superintending the erection of a Kornit factory for the English company at Stoke Newington, N. London, which he brought to completion in the most satisfactory manner. Mr. Bierich, Jr., will have full charge of the Kornit factory in this country. Kornit will quickly become a well known and universally used article in the electrical and other trades of this country earning and paying large and satisfactory dividends each and every six months. A few shares obtained now may be the foundation for a fortune or the much desired income for support in the unknown years that are to come. We leave it to you if it would not seem good judgment to take immediate advantage of this opportunity. Anyway, please write me at once and let me know just what you will do. If it is not possible for you to take shares now, write and tell me how many you would like and how soon it will be convenient for you to do so, provided I will reserve them for you. As soon as I receive your letter I will answer it with a personal letter and will arrange matters as you wish to the best of my ability.

Remember, I have a great many thousand dollars invested in the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and the minute you buy a share or more in this Company we become Co-partners as Co-shareholders. It is for our mutual benefit to watch and guard each other's interests. I will be grateful if you will write me to-day, so that I may know just what you will do.

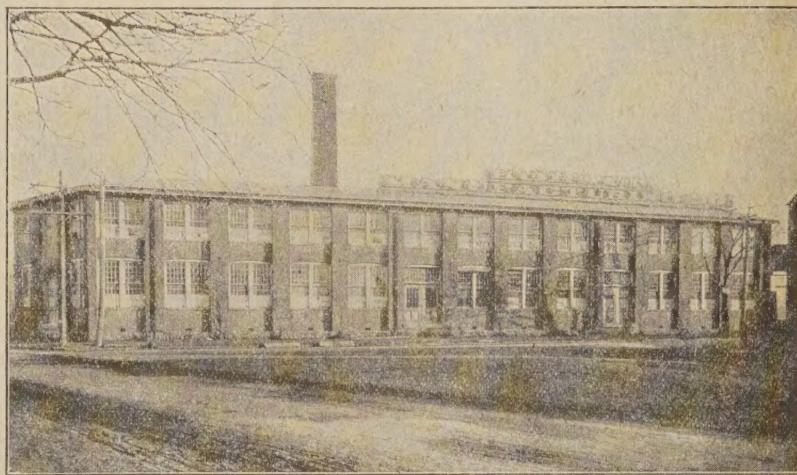
I know you will agree with me that you have never had presented to your notice a better opportunity to make an investment where such large profits can be made because of the exclusiveness of control, and the great demand and the low cost of raw material, which is now almost practically thrown away. Join me in this investment, and I assure you it is my sincere be-

lief that in the future you will say: "That is the day I made the most successful move in my whole life."

### My Offer to You To-day

The Kornit Manufacturing Company is incorporated under the laws of New Jersey and is capitalized with \$50,000 fully paid non-assessable shares at \$10 each. It is my intention to sell a limited number only of these shares at the par value of \$10 each. Ten dollars will buy one share. Twenty dollars will buy two shares. Fifty dollars will buy five shares. One hundred dollars will buy ten shares. One thousand dollars one hundred shares, and so on. After you have bought one or more shares in The Kornit Manufacturing Company you may feel as I do, that you have placed your savings where they will draw regular and satisfactory large dividends. The price of Kornit shares will advance to at least twelve dollars per share in the near future.

I should not be a bit surprised if these shares paid dividends as high as one hundred per cent in the not far distant future. Consequently, a few dollars invested now in the shares of the Kornit Manufacturing Company will enable you in the future to draw a regular income from the large profits of the Company as they are earned. The DIVIDENDS will be paid semi-annually, every six months, the first of May and November of each year. This is one of the best opportunities you will ever have presented to you in your whole life-time. I have invested a great many thousand dollars in the Kornit Manufacturing Company, and I feel sure it is one of the best investments I have ever made. I can truthfully say to you that I fully believe that



OUR KORNIT FACTORY PREMISES, NEWARK, N. J. (BELLEVILLE STATION)

you will be more than pleased with your investment and that you will never be sorry. REMEMBER, that you here have an opportunity to become interested in a large industrial manufacturing concern manufacturing a product, with an exclusive monopoly, which has never before been manufactured or sold in this country.

Remember, that it is by no means an experiment, as it has been successfully manufactured and sold for over four years in Russia at a large profit, and the manufacturer and inventor recently wrote that the demand is increasing every day, beyond the capacity of their manufacturing facilities.

Now is the time for you to take advantage of this magnificent opportunity to make an investment in these shares. I earnestly believe that in a few years these shares will be worth from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars each on account of the large dividends which the company will earn and regularly pay each and every six months. It is a well known fact that shares that pay fifty (50) to one hundred (100) per cent dividends will readily sell in the open market for \$50 to \$100. The outlook for the Kornit Manufacturing Company is such that it seems impossible for the earnings to fall far short of these figures. If the company only makes and sells two tons of Kornit a day for the first year, and makes a profit of only two hundred dollars per ton, it would mean a profit of over sixteen per cent (16%) the first year. If this business were doubled the second year, of course the earning capacity would double and the dividends would be over thirty-two per cent (32%). Prominent and well known Electrical Engineers assure me that this product cannot help and is bound to make enormous profits. I would recommend that you send for as many shares as you may wish at once. You, in my conservative opinion, can safely count on the large earning capacity of these shares. I will at once write you a personal letter with full information, and send you our illustrated book, "A Financial Opportunity," containing a score of photographs of the Kornit industry, taken in Russia. Please let me hear from you. Yours very truly,



Mr. Kurt Bierich son of the inventor who is now in this country devoting all of his time at the Kornit Factory, Newark, N. J. (Belleville Station)

CHARLES E. ELLIS,  
President  
707A Temple Court,  
New York City.  
[Mr. Ellis, besides being president of this company, is also president of two other large and successful companies, owning shares therein valued conservatively at over \$250,000.00. Mr. Ellis has other investments in New York City real estate, bonds, stocks and mortgages to the amount of many more hundreds of thousands of dollars. Any bank or mercantile agency will tell you his guarantee is as good as gold. This is a successful man who wishes you for a Co-partner as a Shareholder and Dividends Receiver in this Company. Remember, you will do business personally with Mr. Ellis in this matter.—Publisher of Vick's Magazine.]



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## Deacon Bowen's Pursuit of Happiness

By Hope Darling

### A FOURTH OF JULY STORY



UCH a morning! It does seem as if heaven could not be very far away.

Deacon Bowen had been weeding his pansy bed. He straightened his tall, spare form and stood still, looking about him.

At his right was a house—a bizarre, pretentious structure that the deacon had built, sorely against his will, two years before. It stood on the summit of an elevation. All around were fertile fields covered with the soft emerald of growing grass and corn and the pale gold of ripening wheat. Two-thirds of the way down the slope stood a rambling old gray house surrounded by long-branched fruit trees—the home of the Bowen's family for generations.

A sigh parted the deacon's lips. "If I was back in the old home! But a man must do his duty."

He turned away impatiently. Advancing to a hedge of nasturtiums he began to fill his hands with the cardinal, yellow, maroon, scarlet, and orange blossoms.

Twice from the house had sounded the tinkling of a little bell. It had not been noticed by the deacon. A woman's figure emerged from a side door and came down the garden path, gingerly holding up the trailing skirt of her pink dimity.

"Uncle Hiram, don't you know that breakfast is waiting? The bell has rung twice."

The tone was sharp. Deacon Bowen looked over at the powdered, scowling face of his niece and said gently:

"I didn't hear it, Mettie. It's such a pretty morning!"

"Humph! I don't see anything pretty in just fields and country roads."

The deacon made no reply. He walked to the house and entered a lavatory where he washed his hands and brushed his scanty gray hair. When he walked into the dining-room he carried the nasturtium blossoms with him.

Thirty years before Deacon Bowen's only sister had returned to her girlhood's home, widowed and with two little daughters. Her brother was alone in the world, and he had promised to provide for Mrs. Winters and her family. To do so had compelled him to remain single, as the farm would not support two families.

Three years before that summer morning an uncle had died, leaving the deacon fifty thousand dollars. Mrs. Winters and her daughters were jubilant; in only one thing did the deacon oppose them—he refused to leave the farm for the city. However, he had built the new house, and in it he felt like an unwelcome guest.

Deacon Bowen laid the nasturtium blossoms on the table, saying:

"See what pretty shades, Arabella. I counted twelve different kinds as I picked them. Please bring me a vase, Bessie."

"O Hiram! Do take those horrid things off the table!" Mrs. Winters cried. "Why they are damp with dew."

"And they are such gaudy colors," Bessie declared.

"Do sit down, Uncle Hiram; breakfast has waited long enough."

The deacon laid the despised flowers on a side table.

"I'll get some water for them myself after breakfast," he said with more persistency than he usually manifested.

The breakfast was not calculated to

put him in good humor. The deacon missed the meat and hot bread which his nieces had decided were not fashionable. However, as he ate his "breakfast food" and fruit, he tried to talk cheerily.

"Let me see. A week from today is the Fourth of July. We'll all go to the Farmers' picnic."

"Farmers' Picnic indeed!" and Bessie tossed her head. "I refuse to have anything to do with such a plebian affair."

"I have invited a house party, Hiram, for that day and the next," Mrs. Winters said. "Just Doctor Hartman and a few congenial friends. You must be here to wait on them."

Deacon Bowen frowned. Before he could speak, Mettie said:

"And be sure you never go without your coat while they are here. That does make me so 'shamed.'

"Hiram, I do hope you will be nice to Doctor Hartman," and Mrs. Winters looked significantly at Bessie.

"Don't bore him with your long stories, but—"

She had gone too far. Her brother pushed back his chair

"You need not tell me how to behave, Arabella, not in my own house. Do any of you remember what the Fourth of July means?"

The three women stared at him. Mettie lifted her eyebrows.

"Do you mean that for a joke, Uncle Hiram?"

He stood up. "No, I don't. I remember, though, that the Declaration of Independence says something about every man having a right to 'Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' If I've ever pursued happiness, it's been at a long distance."

He walked from the house and down to the front gate.

"I believe, just for once, I'll pursue happiness," he said to himself. "What would I do, if I did just as I please? Why there's only one answer to that—I would go home, and I am going."

He walked rapidly down the road. The deacon had demurred at Mrs. Winters's suggestion that they rent the old house. However, when Miss Rachel West, a distant relative of the family, asked to become his tenant, Deacon Bowen did not refuse.

Miss West was a gentle-voiced little spinster of fifty. She eked out a slender income by raising flowers for the market of the near-by city.

Deacon Bowen let himself in at the gate of his old home and passed round the house to the little back porch. As he waited for his knock to be answered, he breathed the fragrance rising from a bed of purple heliotrope that grew close to the wall.

"Good morning, Hiram. Will you walk in?"

"Yes, Rachel. It seems good to come home, for this place will always be home to me."

The faded pink on Rachel West's cheeks deepened to a soft crimson. She pushed forward a chair, saying:

"I am going to ask you to sit down right here, Hiram. You see I am baking seed cakes, so—Oh!"

She rushed forward to open the oven door. The cakes were not scorched, and, with a sigh of relief, she drew the crisp brown dainties from the oven.

Deacon Bowen drew another long breath. The fragrance of the cakes made him forget that of the heliotrope. He looked round the room which had been the scene of so much of his life.

The floor and walls were painted a light buff, and there were white sash curtains at the windows. The range and the cooking utensils shone. A southern window was filled with scarlet geraniums. On the table stood a plump little custard pie, its golden-yellow surface encircled with a filigree work of pale brown pastry.

"I'd rather sit here than in any place on earth, Rachel; it's happiness instead of the pursuit of it. Then those seed cakes, why, they smell better than the flowers. There! That's almost the same as asking for one."

Miss West smiled. She was stepping softly about the room, from the cupboard to the stove.

"Just wait a few minutes, Hiram. You always were in a hurry, trying to eat your plums before they were ripe. It has been a good many years, but I haven't forgotten what a master hand you were for coffee."

Fifteen minutes later the deacon and Miss Rachel sat opposite of each other in the cool and shady dining-room. The little round table between them was spread with blue "willow pattern" earthenware and decorated with a bouquet of grass pinks. Besides the shining coffeepot, the pitcher of yellow cream, and the custard pie, there was a plate heaped high with seed cakes.

"I know it's foolish to serve a lunch so early in the morning," and Miss West's dove-like brown eyes sought her plate, "but I didn't eat much breakfast, and I thought maybe—"



"The little table between them was spread with 'blue willow' pattern earthenware."

Deacon Bowen nodded his head. "You knew I was half starved on the gimbicks they feed me up at the house. This is the best meal I've sat down to since I left the old home. I say, Rachel, won't you go to the Farmers' Picnic with me the Fourth?"

"O Hiram! I'd love to go, but—but what would Arabella and the neighbors say?"

"Let them say what they like. I am not asking them. You know that on the Fourth of July a man ought to have the right to pursue happiness in his own way. I would like just a little more coffee. Another piece of pie? Yes, thank you, Rachel. Then it's understood that we will go."

From that morning there was a cloud upon the face of Mrs. Winters. As she expressed it, "something was wrong with Hiram."

It was not that the deacon was unkind or unmindful of the welfare of those who shared his home. It was simply that he pursued happiness in his own way.

He was away from the house for hours at a time. On his return he evaded his sister's questions as to his absence. When at home he sat, walked, and talked as he pleased, unheeding the sharp remarks of the ladies. He even appeared in the parlor without his coat one sultry afternoon.

It was not until the morning of the third of July that Mrs. Winters became really alarmed. Then the deacon dared to send the girl back to the kitchen to cook him some eggs hard. That, too, after he had twice been told that the eggs were "all right" as served.

"I do hope, Bessie, that you will catch Doctor Hartman," Mrs. Winters said fretfully as soon as her brother had left the house. "Hiram has always been easy to manage, as any man ought to be, but I don't know what to think of these new whims of his."

"Lizzie Cutler told me that she had seen him twice this week coming away from the old house. You don't suppose—"

"Bessie Winters! That's just it! It's that designing old maid, Rachel West. Well, one thing's sure; she'll move. As soon as this house party is off my hands, I'll tend to Rachel West's case."

The morning of the Fourth of July dawned, warm and bright. At the breakfast table Mrs. Winters proceeded to lay her commands for the day upon the deacon. When she had finished, he said:

"Jim can look after those things for you. I am going to the Farmers' Picnic, and I am going to take the blacks and the new carriage."

"Why, Hiram Bowen! Whatever do you mean? You can't go. Now that's all there is about it."

The master of the house helped himself to another cookie. His face was guileless but determined.

"You are mistaken, Arabella. I can go, and I am going."

The deacon departed at an early hour. He was attired in a new black suit, while his horses, harness, and carriage glittered in the sunlight.

It was not a pleasant day for Mrs. Winters and her daughters. The house party arrived, all excepting the one person for whom it had really been planned.

HE MORTONS had just rented a small cottage with about an acre of land around it. It was just before sunset one day in early spring and Mr. Morton was preparing the ground for a small vegetable garden. He was a clerk in a store, and he found the work a pleasant change after his confinement behind the counter during the day.

Every night, after supper, Mrs. Morton would step out at the back door and watch her husband as he worked. She was very fond of flowers and thought that this summer she would have a little garden of her own where she could go to pick a bouquet for her table. Although their tastes were similar in many ways, Mr. Morton did not share his wife's love for flowers. He considered them as perfectly useless things and did not know one from another.

As the planting went on, Mrs. Morton began to think more of her garden and what kinds of seeds she should buy.

"Where am I going to have my flower bed, Jim?" she asked. "The house is so near the street that I don't like to make it in the front yard. Then there are the clothes lines on the west side and there is no room east of the house, we are so close to our neighbor's fence. I guess you will have to give me part of your vegetable garden, won't you?"

"I don't think I shall have enough room now for all I want to plant," said her husband. "What use are flowers, any way? You can't eat them. Better plant it all to vegetables and get some good from the land, I think. Now over there, I shall set out a dozen tomato plants. We both like peas so well, we must have them. Then there are beans, lettuce and cucumbers, all so much better from your own garden than those you can buy."

"But it won't take very much room for my garden," said Mrs. Morton.

"Well, well, we'll see about that later."

"I have learned to know what his 'later' means," thought Mrs. Morton.

The days passed and by the end of two weeks the garden was all planted, and not a foot of ground was left for Mrs. Morton. She was walking slowly around the yard one afternoon. "I don't see how anyone can help loving flowers," she said to herself. "I thought when I left that tenement house and came here, I could surely have a little garden. Perhaps I could plant a few here." She took up a stick from the wood-pile and turned over the soil next to the house on the north side. "The ground isn't very rich, but I will ask Jim if he will spade it up and put some dressing on it."

That night they went out as usual to look at the garden.

"Things are coming up finely," said Mr. Morton. "We'll have a nice lot of vegetables if the weather is good, won't we?"

"Yes, but I wanted a flower bed, too, and—"

"Well, you did get crowded out, didn't you? We'll have to find some place by and by. But I'm tired tonight. I have had a busy day today."

The next night Mrs. Morton asked her husband to fix up the little spot back of the house and again he put it off, saying that he wanted to go up to the Open Air Rally with one of the men in the store.

It was almost the middle of June and the weather was quite warm. Mrs. Morton did not feel as well as usual that spring and now as the warm weather came

she found herself growing more languid and weak. "I wonder what it is that makes me feel so tired," she thought. "I have never felt like this before." At

last her husband noticed her pale face and dragging step.

"You are doing too much and ought to have a rest," he said, "I wouldn't try to do any more house-cleaning, but hire it done."

But Mrs. Morton did not feel as if she could afford to do this. With three children at school, she felt that she needed all the money she could save. So she tried to keep about till her work was done, and at last there came a morning when she could not rise and the doctor was sent for. He pronounced her case nervous exhaustion, and prescribed a few weeks of absolute rest and quiet. For two weeks Mrs. Morton lay in bed and the days grew warmer.

One day her husband came in and said, "You ought to see the garden, Mary. Everything is flourishing and we shall have peas to pick in a day or two."

"And I might have had a bouquet from my garden now. I have wanted some flowers so much," she said with a little quaver in her voice and tears in her eyes.

"Well, I don't know what there is about flowers that women like so much," replied Mr. Morton as he said good-bye and went off to his work. Then he remembered the break in her voice and the tears in her eyes. "Well, I suppose I have been a brute. I wonder—Hello, there!" he called as a team passed him.

The driver stopped and Mr. Morton stepped up to the back of the wagon. It was filled with boxes of pansies, geraniums, and several other plants, all in blossom. Then he surprised and delighted the flower vender with a large order.

"But where shall I put them?" he thought as the man set them down by his door. "Well, I can spade up the front yard and put a wire fence around."

For a night or two after this, Mrs. Morton noticed that her husband was out of doors more than usual and she began to feel a little lonely when it grew dark before he came in. She was now recovering rapidly and one Sunday morning she thought she would like to sit up for a while and called to her husband to help her.

Mr. Morton came in and carefully assisted his wife to an easy chair which he made comfortable with a quilt and pillow.

"Wouldn't you like to sit by the window?" he asked after she had lain back and rested from the new exertion. Then he moved a stand away and gently wheeled the sick woman's chair up to the window.

"Now you can see what a fine day it is outdoors, Mary."

She looked out and an exclamation of delight came from her lips.

"Oh, Jim, how did you do it? What lovely flowers!"

"Would you like a bunch?" he asked.

"Yes, get me some, please."

He ran out and brought in a large bouquet. There were roses, verbenas, geraniums and pansies which were her favorite flowers.

"Oh, how sweet they smell," she said. "Jim, you are a dear old thing. I am going to get well as fast as I can, so I can go out in that garden and gather the flowers myself."

"Better late than never, Mary," he said as he took the flowers and arranged them in a vase of water.

Mary kept her word, and Jim learned that there was value in some things besides vegetables.

Doctor Hartman failed to appear, but the other guest brought the news that his engagement to a rich widow had just been announced.

Deacon Bowen was gone all day. The setting sun was flushing the western sky with soft crimson light when Mrs. Winters saw the blacks turn in at the gate. She hastened to the porch, intending to vent her sense of disappointment and irritation upon her brother.

The deacon was not alone. At his side sat Rachel West resplendent in a new gray suit and hat.

"Well, I think it is time you were home, Hiram," Mrs. Winters cried. "I want you, so hurry in. Rachel can walk home; she'll not mind."

That last was added hastily; Mrs. Winters saw a strange look upon her brother's face. He spoke in a slow, even voice.

"You are right, Arabella; it is time I was at home, and I am going there. As to Rachel, her walking days are over. We were married this afternoon. The dear old house that I was born in will be our home. You and the girls can stay here. I will make you an allowance—not a big one, but enough to supply your wants. Good night, Arabella. Come down and see us."

He was about to turn his horses when Mrs. Winters cried:

"Hiram Bowen! What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, Arabella, I mean that, on Independence Day, I've pursued happiness and caught it."

## A Belated Flower Garden

By Laura J. Makepiece

### THE MEADOW CONCERT

Mary Ella Lawrence

The butterflies gave a concert;

'Twas down in the meadows green,

Where the lilies bright and the daisies white,

In their opening buds were seen.

The wind blew the invitations,

As in breezes soft it sped;

And nature awoke with a joyful look

Aroused from its sleepy bed.

The first was a song by the robin,

As he flew to the maple tree,

And the lay he chose as his sweet notes rose,

Proved a charming melody.

The cricket he chirped an encore;

The grasshopper smiled with glee,

And the robin proud in acknowledgement bowed

As he warbled cheerily.

The finch drew near for a solo,

And perched on the clover red,

The bees buzzed sweet an accompaniment neat,

'Twas great, so the birdies said.

The butterflies rose in chorus,

Performing their graceful dance;

And the fluttering swing of the gauzy wing,

Held the audience entranced.

But twilight came, and the birdies

Flew home from the fete so fair,

And 'mid forests deep where bright stars peep,

There was discord in the air.

The whippoorwill's call was indignant;

The owl was an angry king,

And the frogs in the pool croaked a hoarse carol;

They had not been invited to sing.

Doctor Hartman failed to appear, but the other guest brought the news that his engagement to a rich widow had just been announced.

Deacon Bowen was gone all day. The setting sun was flushing the western sky with soft crimson light when Mrs. Winters saw the blacks turn in at the gate. She hastened to the porch, intending to vent her sense of disappointment and irritation upon her brother.

The deacon was not alone. At his side sat Rachel West resplendent in a new gray suit and hat.

"Well, I think it is time you were home, Hiram," Mrs. Winters cried. "I want you, so hurry in. Rachel can walk home; she'll not mind."

That last was added hastily; Mrs. Winters saw a strange look upon her brother's face. He spoke in a slow, even voice.

"You are right, Arabella; it is time I was at home, and I am going there. As to Rachel, her walking days are over. We were married this afternoon. The dear old house that I was born in will be our home. You and the girls can stay here. I will make you an allowance—not a big one, but enough to supply your wants. Good night, Arabella. Come down and see us."

He was about to turn his horses when Mrs. Winters cried:

"Hiram Bowen! What do you mean?"

"Mean? Why, Arabella, I mean that, on Independence Day, I've pursued happiness and caught it."

# A Tangled Web

By K. S. Macquoid

PATTY DROPS OUT OF ASHTON AND APPARENTLY OUT OF THE STORY, WHILE WHITMORE, RETURNING THERE, DISCOVERS THAT THE PLACE IS NOT ENTIRELY A DESERT, EVEN WITHOUT HER

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The scenes of the story so far have been laid in Ashton, a small English village. Mr. Beaufort is the village Rector, and Nuna is his daughter. Will Bright, the well-to-do owner of Gray's Farm, was in love with Nuna, and had been since both were children. Paul Whitmore, a London artist, had come to the village to rest and to sketch and was staying with Mrs. Fagg, landlady of the "Bladbone." He had met Patty Westropp, a handsome rustic lass, the beauty of the village, daughter of Roger Westropp, farmer and gardener, miserly in his habits. Paul had been infatuated with Patty's beauty and had managed to see her several times in the few days since his arrival. She had been flattered by his attentions, and was even more infatuated with him. Mr. Whitmore had also been received at the Rectory, and Bright fancied he was being favored by Nuna. Under this spur Bright had asked Nuna to marry him, and she though professing highest friendship for him had said she did not love him. Roger's brother died in Australia, leaving his fortune to Patty. Miss Coppock, a milliner, in whose service Patty had once been, was at the Rectory, and was one of the first to hear of this. She called upon Patty and learning of her affair with Whitmore, succeeded in turning her against him by the argument that now he would probably be after her for her wealth, and that she had best go out into the world before choosing a husband. Whitmore not knowing Patty's change of fortune, after debating with himself and practically deciding to bid her good-bye and go back to London, was overcome by his feelings for her, declared his love and urged her to marry him. Patty, though she found it hard to do so, acting under the influence of Miss Coppock rejected him.

CHAPTER XVI

PATTY'S REASON

**H**E STOOD leaning against the porch. What did he care for Mr. Beaufort? Just then he would like to have proclaimed Patty false to all the world.

The Rector felt extremely uncomfortable. He knew that Mr. Whitmore had seen him; he could not retreat, but he scarcely knew how to act.

"How very awkward. Dear, dear me! Why, he was holding that girl's hand just now. I'm afraid there has been something more than portrait-painting here. It is my duty to say something. How very troublesome."

"Good morning," said Paul, as he came up. "You'll only find Patty in," he added, "her father is not here."

Mr. Beaufort was completely taken aback by such coolness, but still it seemed as if he must say something.

"Are you painting Martha?" he said, gravely.

"No; I've been talking to her." The Rector coughed and looked away; those fiery dark eyes were sending most challenging looks at him.

Paul still stood quietly leaning against the porch, and whistled.

"I beg your pardon, Mr.—Whitmore; will you favor me with five minutes' talk outside the gate?"

Indignation at what seemed to him defiant insolence had given the Rector courage.

"Excuse what I am going to say, Mr. Whitmore. You know I must look after my own people, and though no doubt it is very amusing to you to talk to a simple village girl, you must remember you are perhaps doing her a great harm." Here the Rector suddenly remembered Patty's improved fortunes, and he felt as if he were telling a falsehood, and moreover that the case was entirely altered. But then—for the meaning of Mrs. Fagg's hints was clear now—this acquaintance must have been going on some days, and moreover, it was scarcely probable that Mr. Whitmore knew of Patty's changed estate.

"I shall not have a chance of doing her any more harm." Paul's laugh puzzled the Rector, it sounded so bitter. "I am leaving Ashton today. I meant to call at the Rectory, but if you will permit me I will say good-bye to you here, and thank you for your kind hospitality. Good-bye."

"What a very extraordinary person!" and it seemed to the Rector, as Paul Whitmore passed on rapidly up the lane, that he himself had decidedly got the worst of the encounter. The artist's parting words had fairly taken the Rector's breath away.

Paul literally strode on as if he were treading out the fire of his passion on the loose sandy soil; his firm steps sent it flying as he hurried along. He meant to go back to the inn, pay his reckoning, and then leave the village without delay.

At the end of the lane, playing there was one of the boys of the village whose little sister Paul had succored

in the midst of serious mishap while on a ramble only the day before. He reminded Paul of his promise to go and see the little sufferer, so he turned from his course and went to the cottage where she lived. In response to his rap, a quiet voice said "Come in."

Paul went in, and started back in surprise. The mother was not there, but Nuna Beaufort was sitting in a low chair with Lottie on her lap. The warm blood came rushing to her face, and then she smiled and held out her hand.

"I believe you must be the 'good gentleman' Lottie is talking about. Her mother sent down to the Rectory for something for bruises, so I came to see what was the matter. Poor old Lottie, she had a sad tumble, hadn't she?"

She bent over the child and kissed her, glad to hide her own blushes.

"I'm glad of the chance of saying good-bye to you," said Paul, which was not true. Just then he hated every one, women above all.

"Are you going away?" said Nuna. "You will see my father, I hope, before you go. I am sorry he has been so taken up with this business of Patty Westropp's. I know he meant to have called on you."

"I met Mr. Beaufort just now. Is Patty Westropp in trouble, then?"

"Well, no, hardly trouble." Nuna smiled, and Paul felt as if he would like to shake the words out of her. "And yet I believe her change of fortune may cause her more trouble than she would have found in poverty. She has had money left her—quite a large fortune, I believe—so I shall have my wish after all, and see how pretty Patty looks dressed like a lady."

"A fortune left Patty!"

Nuna looked up quickly at the changed tone. Mr. Whitmore had turned pale to whiteness.

"Yes; I believe it is no secret. My father told me yesterday that the property left was worth more than fifty thousand pounds. Will it not be a great change for Patty?"

Paul murmured an indistinct answer, then he shook hands mechanically with Nuna, and went out of the cottage as fast as he could.

CHAPTER XVII

A FLITTING

Three days after Mr. Whitmore's sudden departure Roger gave up service at the Rectory. When the Rector asked if Patty had begun to make any plans for the future, Roger answered sullenly that he believed there was something afoot, but he gave no hint that they were likely to quit the cottage. The troubled look had not left Roger's face when he reached his cottage door. He looked round the poor bare room with a restless, yearning glance, until his eyes settled on the two brass candlesticks.

"Patty!" There was no answer, and he went to the bottom of the little staircase. "Patty, I say!"

"I'm busy; you must wait, father."

The cloud on Roger's face deepened.

"It's working already," he muttered; "she were always stiff-necked, and now there'll be no turnin' her no way." He went back into the little room, took down the two candlesticks and set them on the table; there came a half-sneer at himself while he did it. "God knows I ain't one for fancies and extravagance, but she chose these herself and bought 'em, and I don't mean to part from 'em. I don't reckon they'd fetch above a trifle." Patty came in before he had finished.

"Going to light candles, father? Well, I never! Why, we shall be off before 'tis quite dark."

Roger lifted up his head, and looked at his daughter from under his gray bushy brows.

"Let me be, lass, will ye? unless ye lend a hand in parceling up these to go along of us."

"You can't take the candlesticks, father, they're not ours any longer; I saw they was marked down in the valuing book, when Mr. Brown showed it me."

The shaggy brows knit closely, but an angry light gleamed through them.

"You saw your dead mother's goods marked down for sale and you let 'em stand in the book, did ye? I'd not have believed it of you, Patty."

Patty stared in utter wonder. It was not easy to surprise her; her quickness had hitherto got the start of the wits of those among whom she lived; but a sentiment in her father was as unexpected as a gift.

"I never give a thought to their being mother's; I mind now you told me so, but Mr. Brown said he was to reckon up everything in the place. Why—she smiled till it seemed as if there must be more worthy spectators than those four dull walls and the tall, stern, grey man beside the table to gaze on such exquisite sweetness—"I thought he was going to enter my bonnet-box and all. But look here, father, let me do 'em up for you, and you can make it right with Miss Patience tonight; she'll tell Mr. Brown."

Her father pushed the plump pink hands away.

"Go and see after the baggage; I'd liefer see to these myself. Will ye be done by the time I bring the cart round?"

Patty nodded and tripped away; she almost danced. It had not seemed possible to believe in her new life while the old husk of former scenes and habits was unchanged; and moreover that parting interview with Mr. Whitmore had been a sore trial.

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," she had said to herself, and Miss Coppock had come over again, and had praised her warmly for her wisdom; but it was hard to lose a real lover so soon. Patty's feelings as well as her vanity had told her Paul's love was real. Still one event had succeeded another so rapidly in this short time that she had had no leisure for regret, and in the excitement of tonight this trouble had faded out of sight. Patty felt that she was taking her first steps in life, and her excitement was heightened by



"And then he remembered the expression of her eyes when he had looked down into them."

the mystery which Miss Coppock had prescribed. "Go away in the evening, my dear," Patience had said, "without any fuss or leave-takings, and then you can't be worried with questions you don't mean to answer."

Soon she went to the door and called to Roger. "I'm ready now, father, we'd best be moving."

As he harnessed the horse, his heart was full of foreboding. Was he doing wisely or well in quitting this quiet roof, where he had been safe if not satisfied, to travel out into the world with a girl of whom he seemed to know as little as of some stranger? And the puzzle of the matter to Roger was that he was doing all this against his will, at the bidding of a woman and a girl. Miss Coppock and Patty, even while they seemed to consult him, had, he felt, settled all as they wished.

Patty had told him that she meant to go to school abroad—it would be cheaper all ways; but she should get a few months of London teaching first. He wished now he had stood firm. Why could he not have placed her at once in safe-keeping, and have stayed behind in the cottage? But Patty had become to Roger an embodiment of her money, and this was only a momentary thought. He must not leave Patty; he must watch over her personally if he would secure Patty's pounds from being squandered or stolen.

Everything was in the cart at last, and they drove away in the dim light. Roger looked more than once over his shoulder till the cottage became lost in indistinctness. But Patty's eyes were fixed steadfastly forward; she was longing to meet the future she felt so sure of—the future she had already pictured without one cloud to dim its brightness.

They were to sleep at Miss Coppock's and then to start early, before the town was awake, for London. Miss Coppock had lodged once in the Old Kent Road, and she thought it would be a quiet out-of-the-way place for the Westropp's; a place where Patty might effect the transformation she wished in her outward appearance without observation, and where Roger could live as quietly and cheaply as he chose. When Patty had equipped herself in a suitable fashion—she was to be taken to a teacher recommended by this indefatigable friend.

All this had been settled beforehand; but when Patty arrived at Miss Coppock's she was at once conducted with much formality to her own room, and there her friend recapitulated the whole programme.

"I hope you'll sleep well," Miss Coppock said as she bade her good night. "You have quite settled then about your new name."

"Yes, quite; do try and forget I ever was called Patty: I'm Elinor Martha Latimer.

And that night among her fevered dreams the girl seemed to hear Paul Whitmore, calling "Patty, Patty, do you love me?" and the sound grew sweeter as she listened.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### AT THE STUDIO

A man sat reading by lamplight in a large, dim, old-fashioned room in St. John Street—reading intently loose sheets of manuscript. His face was closely bent over the pages; both elbows were planted on the table, and the hands belonging to the elbows had buried themselves in the mane of hair that almost reached the reader's shoulders.

Mr. Stephen Pritchard had lit his reading lamp, but he had not thought it necessary to shut out the twilight. He sat with his back to it at a library table of carved oak. Another table stood between the door and the fireplace, and on this was a small easel and a collection of "properties" in the way of color-tubes, brushes, etc., which spoke of another branch of Art than that practised by Mr. Pritchard. Looking round the room in the dim light, there were easels in different parts of it, with pictures on them in various stages, and the walls showed plaster casts in abundance on shelves and brackets.

Mr. Pritchard got up abruptly and began to walk, or rather roll, up and down the room, with both hands in his pockets. His face was not pleasant to look at; it was sleepy and sensual, just now, with all his sandy-colored hair standing up on end, and his lower lip drooping heavily, he looked like a despairing satyr.

"Confound it! it won't do. If I sit up all night, I must work it out better."

The door opened, and in came Paul Whitmore. He put his hat down on the table and seated himself as if he were at home.

He looked thinner and older than he did at Ashton, graver too, but he smiled at Pritchard's appearance.

"I say, old fellow, you're just in condition for Absalom; no, you're not young or handsome enough. By Jove! I tell you what you'd do for exactly—the Apostate in the Pilgrim's Progress, dragged along as you may remember, by his hair. Oh dear, I'm dead beat this evening."

"I should very much like to know what you are dead beat about. Bodily fatigue is all nonsense; take a nap if you're tired, and get over it. You painters don't know what real labor is."

"Why," Paul laughed, in a good-humored teasing way, "do you suppose we never tire our brains over our work?"

"Brains! I should like to see you put a strain on yours, my good fellow. As to a painter working his brains, it's a mere fiction."

"Did you eat boiled beef for dinner, old fellow? Your digestion is plainly disturbed. I tell you what, Stephen—if I haven't your genius and creative power, or whatever you call it, I've got the faculty of taking care of myself. You are used up, my dear fellow. Lock up all those papers—you've worked at them till they have made you bilious—come out with me tomorrow and we'll get a few hours of fresh air."

Beaufort's words had sent him from Ashton in a tempest of furious anger. In the new light thrown on Patty's conduct he could no longer indulge the slightest hope of winning her. It had been no caprice, no trifling, that had made her reject his love, only calm deliberate worldliness. She had never changed, because she had never loved him. She had listened to him because she was ambitious, and now that she no longer needed help to mount in the social scale she wanted to be rid of him.

He went mechanically back to London and thence to Scotland, without attempting to quiet himself by reason or any self-communing. He went rapidly from place to place, seemingly intent on seeing as much as he could in the shortest time it could be seen in; but his mind was so filled that he gleaned but a vague impression of the scenes on which his eyes rested. He was trying to fly from the thought of Patty, and yet she never left him.

Nearly three months since he left Ashton, and the wound still smarted. He told himself that he detested the mean mercenary girl who had so deceived him, but yet every now and then a keen wild desire to go down and see her took possession of him; if he had not had pressing work in the shape of commissions to execute, he must have gone.

"I say, Paul, you are right; I am used up"—"I shall go down to my cousin Will's tomorrow. Will you come?"

Paul Whitmore started; his thoughts just then were at the cottage near Carving's Wood Lane. He had almost said Yes but he resisted the temptation. If he did go to Ashton he certainly did not want to go in company with his friend, and, above all, he did not mean to go and stay at Gray's Farm. There was some satisfaction in knowing that Stephen would hear all the news that was to be learned in Ashton, and that he would be back again soon to retail it.

"No, thank you; if I tell you the truth, I don't think your cousin would care particularly to see me; I can't say I made a favorable impression."

"Perhaps old Will was afraid you might make a too favorable impression at the Rectory. It is four years now since I was down; but if that youngest Beaufort has grown up according to promise, she ought to be charming."

"Yes, she is rather nice-looking." Paul spoke abruptly, almost savagely; he hated to be reminded of Nuna, and the pain her words had given him.

"Nice looking! I feel certain she snubbed you, Paul. Nice-looking! I never saw such eyes as she had. I shall soon find out by what she says what she thinks of you, my fine fellow."

"Miss Beaufort has certainly forgotten my existence," said Paul carelessly, and no more was said about Ashton.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. Pritchard went down to Gray's Farm, but two rainy days proved a great trial for his patience. He was too much of an invalid to adopt Will's costume and go tramping about all day, sometimes knee-deep in mud and slush, and he found the quiet but incessant stream of his aunt's confidences worse than the London fog he had left in St. John Street. It stupefied him, and he went back to town bearing an invitation for himself and his friend to spend the week after Christmas at the farm.

Mrs. Bright had given this invitation impulsively, and had suffered much inward misgiving in confessing her indiscretion to Will. He was more angry than she expected.

Mr. Bright's courtship had been at a standstill, although he had no intention of giving up his hopes. He stayed away some weeks from the Rectory to give Nuna time to come round, and when he at last went there, he put such a strong constraint on his looks and his manner that Nuna was relieved. She felt persuaded that her old friend had given up his love, and that they should gradually subside into their former relations.

## CHAPTER XIX

### MR. BEAUFORT'S DINNER

Christmas came and went; Miss Matthews said goodbye to the Rectory, and Nuna was as blithe as a bird. It was delightful to be free again; restraint made her dull at once, and dullness to Nuna was the worst evil of life. The air was frosty enough to cheer and give a sort of exhilarating dance to the spirits, but there was no nipping cold. Nuna was busy gathering Christmas roses for the dinner-table. Mr. Jenkins the curate, and his wife, and the Brights were expected.

She had grown interested in her work and she had forgotten all else. Just before luncheon her father's voice at a distance startled her, it was so full of vexation.

He came into the dining room with fault finding because his study fire was out. He also explained that he had met Will Bright who had told him that his

(Continued on page 25)



## THE ORIOLE

Lady-locket lost her pocket,  
Lost it out in the orchard grass;  
And a little fellow clad in yellow  
Found it as he chanced to pass.  
And he said, or sang it, "Ho, I'll hang it"—  
These were his very sing-song words—  
"Where bloom comes quickest and bloom is thickest,  
I'll hang it up for my baby birds!"

It looked so funny—a bag for money,  
A grass-cloth pouch so quaint and odd—  
With a woven shining silken lining  
Made from a broken milk-weed pod.  
Leaves were growing and buds were blowing,  
To try to hide it, but some one spied it,  
A boy, who cried, "A hang-bird's nest!"  
  
"Oh Sister-locket, it is your pocket  
Swinging here in the apple-tree!  
If the tree were smaller and I were taller  
I'd get it for you again, maybe!"  
The wind grew merry over this, very,  
And laughed as he tossed the nest-hung bough,  
"If you don't mind falling and head-long sprawling,  
And bumps and bruises, try it now!"

—*Our Little Men and Women*

"In November!" Pritchard shivered.

"Well, but it's not November weather; it has been too warm all day for a fire: so I fancy we should find it very pleasant at Richmond, or on the river."

"The river! no thank you. I know I'm bilious; the very sight of the water shimmering and quivering in the sunshine would do for me altogether."

Paul looked at him, and he thought he seemed really ill.

"I told you how it would be when you persisted in staying in London this autumn through all the heat."

"Don't you talk; I can't say your country excursion did you much good. I never saw any one more thoroughly out of sorts than you were when you came back, Master Paul—ill and cranky, and as disagreeable as you could be."

Paul could not have contradicted his friend. Nuna

# AT THE MAST

## A SEA STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS

With Illustrations of Battleships in the World's Great Navies

By REV. C. Q. WRIGHT—Chaplain in the United States Navy

### CHAPTER V.

#### A DOUBLE VICTORY

THE Mighty State lay at anchor off Old Point, Virginia, awaiting the arrival of the fleet. It was a fine winter morning, the good ship was in her usual perfect trim, sky and sea both were calm and blue. The quiet of the smiling bay was broken only by the screams of gulls, the whistle of a passing steamer, or the hail of an oysterman to some incoming small craft, as he stands aft at the tiller guiding his homely schooner out to the oyster beds. The guests at The Chamberlain sat comfortably in the sun pavilion gazing out on the smiling bay, the trolley cars came buzzing down upon the wharf, and further to westward, a solitary sentry paced his post on the high walls of Fortress Monroe.

"The officer of the deck reports there's a gun captain at the mast to see you, sir," reported the orderly to the captain.

"Who is he and what does he want?"

The orderly saluted and hastened away, returning soon to say that the man at the mast was Ballwen, who said that his time was out and that the captain had sent for him.

"O, yes, Ballwen! His cruise is up today. I'll be out directly." Captain Fanning was an officer of very high standing in the service, but some of his peculiarities were a matter of much amusement to his friends. One of these was his habit of shaving himself, without lather or mirror, while walking the floor, in consequence of which his face usually presented a remarkable patchwork of fresh scars and clumps of stubble. But he was "every inch a man,"—the sort of a man who knew how to appreciate good men when he found them in the crew. There was a saying current about the decks that the skipper had a head as long as a river and a heart as big as a watermelon.

#### ONE OF THE HIGHEST RECOMMENDATIONS THAT ANY MAN CAN EARN

The group at the mast that morning was an unusually interesting one. It included the captain, the executive officer, the officer of the deck, the chaplain, the surgeon, several watch officers, the gunner and Ballwen; while forward, near enough to see and hear, hovered a goodly number of the ship's company who were interested in Ballwen's leave-taking.

"Clarking,"—for so the captain now addressed Ballwen,—"Clarking, I am glad, everybody is glad that you have made a man of yourself in spite of misfortunes that would have overcome many a lad. I am certainly proud of you. You have advanced yourself just as far as the law allows in one cruise, but if you conclude to re-enlist and can get them to send you back to this ship, I think we can make a Warrant Officer of you, a Gunner. I am also glad to tell you, my lad, that the unfortunate sentence that hung over you was long since blotted out. This Honorable Discharge, one of the highest recommendations that any

man can earn in any land will be gratifying to your good old father, Colonel Clarking, and I hope you will give him my very cordial regards and congratulations. Well done, lad, well done! Goodbye, and may God bless you!"

"Thank you, sir! Goodbye." The erect figure at the mast saluted and turned to go forward, but not before we all saw tears upon his bronzed face,—tears that sprang from a very different feeling from those that stood in his eyes the first time we ever saw him at the mast.

#### BALLWEN'S HOME LIFE

"So this is 'little Rob!'" There was something quietly sardonic in Mrs. Clarking's face and voice as

"A good beginning," thought the Colonel, as he saw his wife's brilliant eyes, still with a half smile in them, follow Rob up the stairway. "Reminds you of the time when I came a-courtin', does he not?" he asked, playfully, when the boy had disappeared.

"Is rather like you I must say," she replied, stiffening again. But her armor of ice was not easy to wear through the dinner that followed. Observing Rob narrowly she saw that underneath his quiet, modest manner was a certain manly assurance that it would not be easy to disturb. Between him and his father perfect confidence and warm affection evidently existed. Together they would be too strong for her. With Rob for her ally she might yet persuade the Colonel into social gaieties he had, so far, held aloof from. The boy's past life had been so hard that he should have a good time now, she would argue, and unless they went deeper into the swim of society how was he to meet and select the right kind of a wife? How much did he know of the part she had played in his past life? Little, evidently; perhaps nothing, else his manner to her could not be so genial and frank. Still—

"I have a wonderful collection of sea curios for you, maman." Rob was saying, using the name for her that his nurse had taught him when a child. "There were chances to pick up beautiful things on some of our cruises. You will need some new cabinets."

"I have always been interested in everything pertaining to the sea," Madame Lucia graciously admitted, and, thus encouraged, Rob began to detail some of his adventures on board the Mighty State. Later, while helping him to unpack her treasures from a curious old sea-chest, the two discovered a number of mutual interests over which they grew quite merry.

Colonel Clarking, pacing up and down the library and stopping beside the chest for a word now and then, felt both elated and relieved over the fortunate turn things had taken. Now they were planning a trip to Philadelphia to see the launching of some great ship, and Rob was promising to present to her certain naval heroes whom she had always admired. Now they were examining a little model of a man-of-war and Madame Lucia was acknowledging that she had always longed to explore a battle-ship.

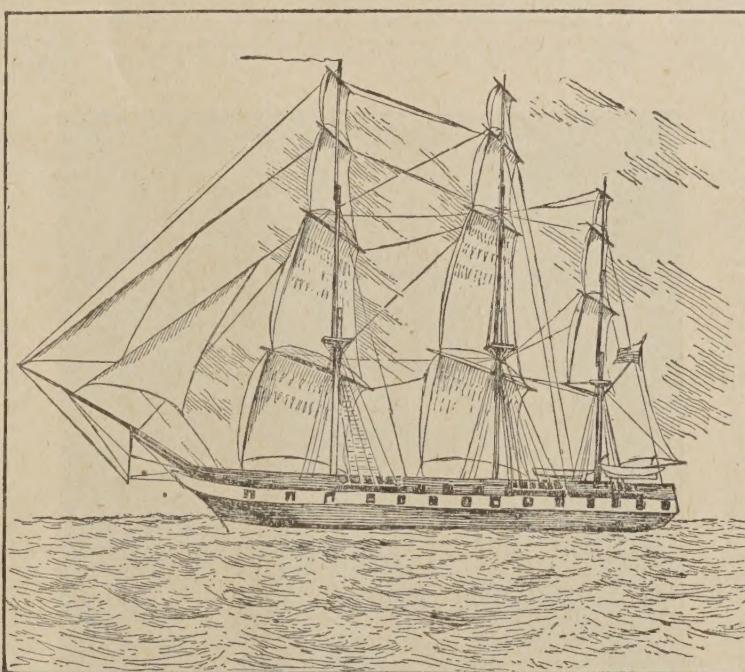
Could that be managed, too, did he think, while they were in Philadelphia? And why not spend a month or two next summer on the sea, cruising about to places of interest? She had long wished the Colonel would have a yacht built for himself, and now with another such expert sailor in the family—"

The Colonel startled them with one of his jovial old-time explosions of laughter in which Rob joined.

"I'm getting into rather deep water, sir," he said, "and turning prodigal on your hands."

The Colonel laid a caressing hand on his son's shoulder. "Right glad I shall be," he replied, "of a chance to spend some money in showing my boy the

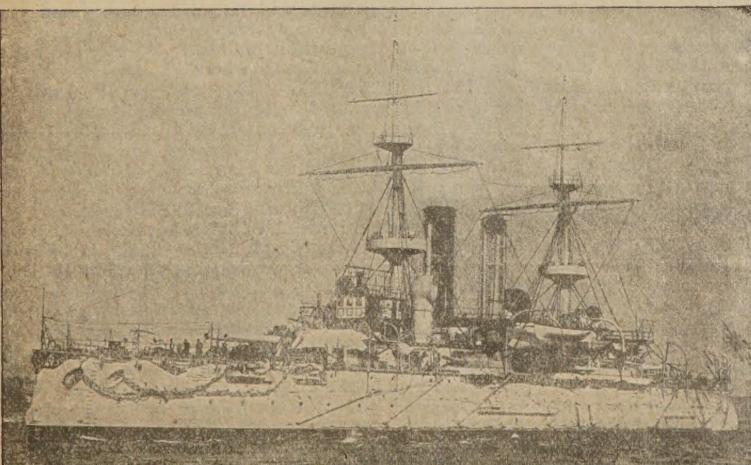
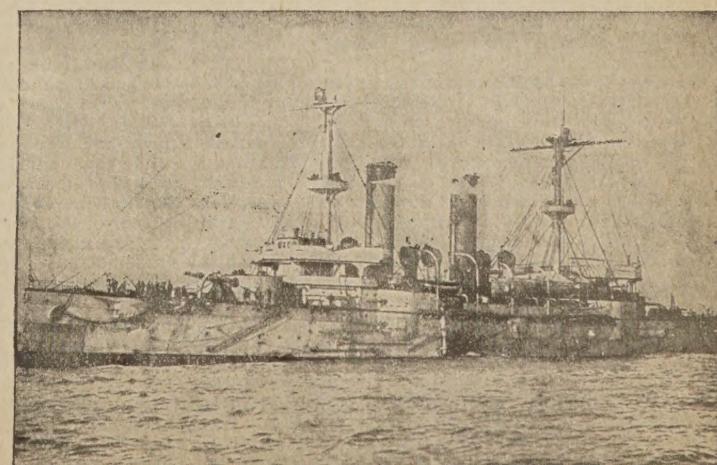
(Concluded on page 30.)



Old Sloop of War "Cumberland" of the Early American Navy, of less than 2,000 Tons

she extended a hand, also cold and quiet, in greeting, but the sparkling face of the tall boy in cadet's uniform gave no sign that he noticed it as he bent toward her, half encircling her shoulders with one arm while he kissed her cheek:

"Make her like you if you can, my boy," his father had written. "I long for at least a few years of quiet home happiness for us all, and none of us will be happy unless Lucia is pleased with you. Do not discard your uniform for citizen's dress entirely yet; women usually admire it. The best way will be to quietly hold your own, taking your right place in your father's house and paying no attention to the little airs and tempers that even the best of women treat us to at times."



A First Class Armored Cruiser of 12,367 Tons—Russian

A First Class Battleship of 12,517 Tons—Japanese

# Jack and the Beanstalk

By C. N. HILL

## The Lord of the Manor is Stopped in His Plans by the Villagers

VII.

LADY STELLA GORGES TO HER SISTER, LADY M.  
MILWARDEN.

Foxslip Rectory, September 18th, 18—.  
I have not much to tell you since I last wrote, my dearest Mary. Dear Baby is well. I am quite charmed with my pretty new house and Sir George's kindness and liberality. I cannot think how it was I was so afraid of him when I first saw him. Harold and Lina had made me shy, I think, but although my husband laughs at me for my cheerful views of life and people, he owns that he did not do his father justice, and I do begin to hope that in future they will all understand one another better than they have done hitherto. Sir George is peculiar, but I am sure he is really warm-hearted; he has been most kind about the rectory—consulted us about everything, done everything we wished, and let us come here just when we began to feel the want of a home of our own. Of course we were very happy at Stoneymoor Court, but I must confess that it is a relief to be in one's own house, to ring one's own bell, order one's own dinner, open the window, send for baby at all hours of the day, and trot out the little ponies at five minutes' notice instead of solemnly making up one's mind to a drive the day before. Lady Gorges came yesterday with Lina. The visit went off very well; we had five o'clock tea in the morning room; the view was looking lovely, the purple moor, the nutwoods, the cows munching in the meadow, the distant farmhouse buried in its elms and stacks: Beancroft Farm, where that poor man used to live who wanted to go to law about his lease. Did I ever tell you about him? I cannot exactly understand the rights of the story; I am afraid Sir George is a little difficult to convince at times. The widow still keeps the farm, though the land reverted to us—to Sir George, I mean, at the farmer's death, and the lawsuit was avoided. The Rectory is built upon one of the fields, and the garden (which certainly is wonderfully productive and succeeds admirably) was drained out of a marsh by Lefevre himself—I felt quite grateful to him today when I saw Baby's ecstasies over the honeysuckles. I should like you to know a young man, the farmer's son, who interests me very much. He sometimes comes to see me. I am sure he will make a name for himself. He is very clever and very handsome; he writes in a horrid vulgar newspaper called the *Excelsior*, which has had the most extraordinary success. Harold likes it, but Sir George cannot bear the sight of it. He wrote an angry letter to the Editor, a short time ago, which all the county papers took up, and they say it nearly doubled the sale of the *Excelsior*. \* \* \* \* \*

Your S. G.

Letters are storybooks written for one particular person, and storybooks attempt, in some measure, to represent life without its attendant restrictions of time and space. What are miles to the writer? years fly before his pen, estates are enclosed within the fold of a page. Three months had passed since Hans purchased his pink shares from Tom Butcher. To everybody's surprise, the *Excelsior*, as Lady Stella said, was a most extraordinary success. The Reds and Greens were a powerful community; and their paper, which had been on the very verge of ruin when Hans' £40 came to start it again, was now a recognized power in the county, paying ten per cent. dividend. Hans had certainly, as his mother said, wasted a great deal of time over his books; it turned to some profit now that he was farming ideas and pens and ink instead of oats and beans. He was himself more surprised at his own success than anybody else.

There are some people who all their lives long have to be content with half brewed ale, the dregs of the cup, envelopes, cheeseparings, fingers of friendship. To take the lowest place at the feast of life is not always so easily done as people imagine. There are times and hours when everybody is equal, when even the humblest nature conceives the best, and longs for it, and cannot feel quite content with a part. You may be courageous enough to accept disappointment, or generous enough not to grudge any other more fortunate, but to be content demands something tangible besides courage or generosity.

Hitherto Hans had been anything but happy. He did not like his work, or his position in life; he had grown bitter over the wrongs he saw all about, and could not mend. Now he seemed to see hope dawning; but his mother's incredulity was very distressing. She loved him, but could not believe in him. She admired in secret, but certainly her talk was not encouraging. He wanted to improve the condition of the people round about! As if an inexperienced boy could do anything. How could he write about things

in which, he must confess, he had failed utterly? "If reformers would only try their hand at their own work. . . . Your dear father never neglected his, nor complained of his position," continued Mrs. Lefevre, with a sigh. "And I'm sure I never regretted the step I took when I became a farmer's wife, and left my own sphere" (Mrs. Lefevre's sphere had revolved in the pestle and mortar of a suburban apothecary); "but indeed, dear, I have often thought how much better it would have been for you if your father had married somebody more able to be of use, more—What is that singing, Hans?"

"It is the chapel, mother," said Hans. "This is their Thursday meeting."

Hans and his mother had been wandering along the road, in the cool of the evening, and gone on farther than they had intended. Hans was bareheaded, Mrs. Lefevre had only thrown a shawl over her head: it was early still: the meeting was held at six o'clock, and had only just begun as Lady Stella and Miss Gorges drove by in their basket carriage, on their way home to dinner at the Rectory. Lady Stella stopped the horse for an instant to shake hands with Hans and to speak to Mrs. Lefevre. "We were to have met Sir

for those things which other people had thought necessary for them. Other people, such as archbishops who had never worked all day long in a stubble-field; high court councilors who had never eaten their wives' hunch of bread in their hungry need.

Tom Parker in a corner by the pulpit was very prominent, with a stock in his button-hole and a hymn-book, flourishing the time; he glanced over his shoulder at the open door of the meeting-house and caught Hans' eye, but went on singing.

Mrs. Lefevre felt she ought to say something to counteract the effect of the hymn tune, but somehow it had cheered her up, too, as she listened, and it seemed ungrateful to complain just at that moment: still she could not resist a little sneer at Tom Parker. "Did you see him with that enormous nosegay?" she said as she walked away. "How you can bear to spend whole evenings with him or that man Bridges at that horrid 'Green Ladders,' as you do—I am sure Sir George must think—"

"What do I care what he thinks—if he did think," cried Hans. "Bridges is a noble fellow, and if he had ten thousand a year he would do more in a week to set things right than the old ogre has done harm in all his wicked life."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Lefevre, and Hans, looking up, heard a horse's foot strike the road. It was Sir George, who gave a disagreeable sort of grin, showing all his great teeth, and rode on.

Sir George had delayed—he had a special reason for delay—but all must be settled now; and leaving Foxslip behind, he went placidly journeying along the road. His well-equipped groom cantered behind.

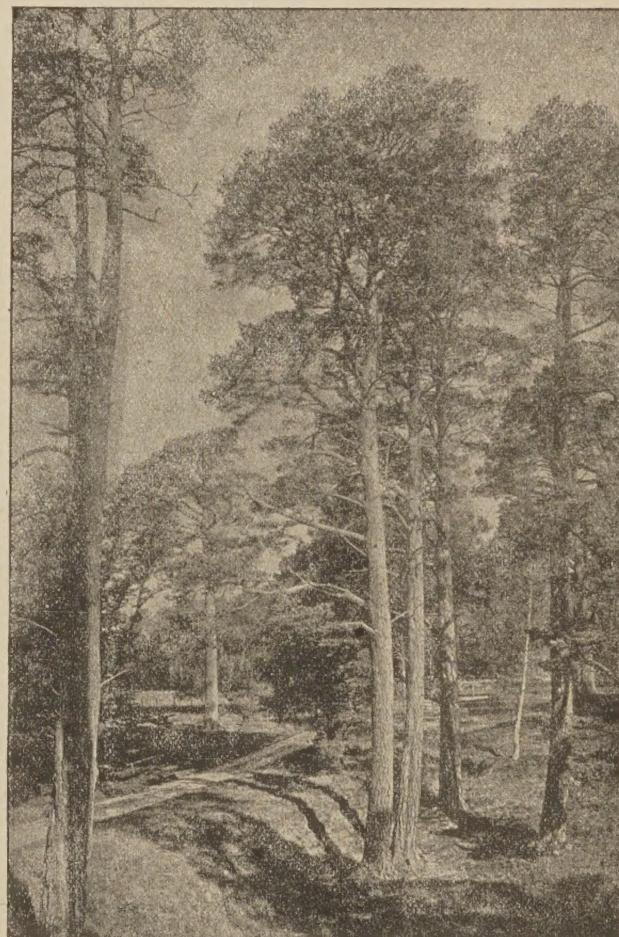
It seemed an odd arrangement of fate by which all these tranquil and gentle things belonged to this fierce old man. Sloping shadows, waving coppice, soft prismatic tints and pasture land and pleasure lawn; the manor-house, rising above the elm heads, and the distant farms of which the gables were peeping through the nutwoods. The very nuts in their little wooden cases were Sir George's, and the birds' eggs in their mossy nests. Little Jeff Ferrier, panting along the road from Hayhurst, had some of the Baronet's property in his trousers' pockets as he scrambled out of the horse's way. Sir George threw him a copper and rode on—he was in an amiable mood. He had struck his grand blow, and would now prove to his tenantry that they could not hold revolutionary meetings with impunity on his estate. They incited his laborers to strike; did they? He would show them who was master, and that he was Lord of the Manor, and if he chose to cut down the trees and enclose the common for building purposes nobody could prevent him. Something else had put him into good humor with all the world, with his own daughter especially, that morning; and Jeff Ferrier owed his copper to no less an event than an interview between Sir George and Mr. Crockett, the new owner of Trembleton Court, "who had come forward in the most gentlemanly manner," said Sir George to his wife, "and really Lina could not do better."

Poor Lady Gorges! her heart failed her, for Lina had declared in secret that nothing would induce her to do so well for herself as to marry the owner of Trembleton.

A minute later the little ploughboy came up to Hans panting and dusty. "Be grandfather in the ar, I say? mother wa-ants him. I werr to bring 'im quick, and Mr. Parker tu." Jeff Ferrier was ahead of the usual village urchins and could take a message on an emergency, but it was difficult to make out what he wanted now, so excited and breathless was he. "The trees, they're cuttin our trees," he repeated, with his little gooseberry eyes starting out of his head. "They're broake oop grandfather's bench where 'a sits Soonday," said Jeff, still panting. "Goa and see for ye'sell, can't ye? Mother said some one were to stoap 'un."

Hans began to understand, and without another word he walked back a few paces, and going to the chapel door, beckoned out his friend. Then Jeff was called up, and after a minute's consultation Hans and Tom Parker set off running across the fields. As the two young men hurried along in hot haste, they met Sam Plackett meandering along the fields talking to his sweetheart; at a few words from them, he left that disconsolate damsel to follow as best she could, and set off running too. Hans hurried on first with gleaming eyes, and as he reached the green he saw that his suspicions were only too real: one great noble tree lay helpless, with all its shady branches outspread and quivering still, upon the grass. The men had got their ropes round a second tree: birds were flying from the branches, widow Barnes was weeping pitifully and clinging to the bailiff's arm; one or two little children were looking on scared, so were a couple of young men from the public house.

The bailiff paid no attention to widow Barnes, but



George," she said; "have you seen him go by?"

Mrs. Lefevre said "No" so curtly that Lady Stella blushed and drove on; as for Miss Gorges, she had not spoken, but had sat quietly looking at Hans with curious pale blue sympathetic glances. Somehow they seemed to magnetize him; a vague something seemed to strike some mysterious chord as he watched her. When Lady Stella blushed, her sister-in-law turned pale, and Hans thought that in her eyes there seemed to be some odd look of understanding, of apology; it must have been fancy; it was too absurd. She seemed to be there even after the carriage had turned the corner of the lane, still looking at him.

"She looks proud enough," said Mrs. Lefevre, indifferently; "what is it they are singing?" Hans did not answer. The two had stopped for a minute to listen to the hymn which came mingling pleasantly with evening honeysuckle and clover scents. It was a cheerful sort of strain; very different from the drawing moan of the little Sunday scholars—old Caleb Ferrier, the shepherd, seemed to be leading, and the whole congregation was joining in, nodding time and clapping books and elbows in the most inspiring manner. These people were certainly singing their own song and praying their own prayers in this little square brick box, and asking for the things they really wanted for themselves and their families, instead of

Hans and his companions, who were looking very resolute, and who had quietly surrounded the doomed tree and the men at work upon it.

"Here is Sir George," said Mason much relieved and looking up the road.

Lina gave a little cry, and ran forward to meet her father. In her excitement the strings of her bonnet had become untied and were flying behind her mixed with her golden curls. Hans never forgot her as he saw her that day. She was moved, thrilled out of her usual silence; as with clasped hands and streaming eyes she stood entreating her father to forbid the men from going on with their work of destruction.

"Nonsense, nonsense," grunted the Baronet; "why have you delayed, Mason? Miss Gorges does not understand. Get into your carriage, Lina, and drive home. It is a matter of business. You have nothing to do here."

Lina was trembling, but she still persisted in her entreaties.

"Get into your carriage and go home, I tell you," hissed the Baronet through his great yellow teeth.

Lady Stella bit her lip with indignation; Lina, paler and paler, seemed ready to faint.

"Papa, I—" The words died away on Lina's lips, her father paid no heed to what she said, for something else now came to withdraw his attention. This something was no less than a reinforcement of the villagers with sticks and pitchforks, who had suddenly at a signal from Hans surrounded the remaining trees.

"This is our property, you have no legal right whatever for what you are doing. I defy you to prove your right to our common land!" shouted young Lefevre in a loud voice. His eyes were sparkling, his nostrils were open, his head was thrown back; no young warrior ever flew to arms with a nobler and more determined aspect. They all felt instinctively that Hans was their leader; he had got the men together, by magic almost, and now he stood among them alight in his youth and in the undaunted vigor of his generous scorn.

"You miserable men," he said to the woodmen, "cutting down your own inheritance, coming here to spoil your neighbor's. What has that man ever done

for you or for your children that you should consent to do this dirty job for him?"

"Go on with your work," roared Sir George.

"The trees are sold, Sir George has contracted for them, and you understand a gentleman's word," said Mr. Mason, still apologizing.

Hans gave a glance of scorn and amusement, his men closed in, and one of the woodmen sulkily flung down his saw.

"I'll be d—d if I go on with this here job."

The other two followed his example; in vain Sir George cursed and fumed at Mason.

"Come, Lina, come," said Lady Stella of the burning cheeks, and Lina, deadly pale, turned round, and with downcast shame-stricken looks got into the carriage again. As the two ladies drove off along the bend of the road which passed the place where the resolute young men were still keeping guard, Hans heard a low long sort of sobbing sigh that touched him profoundly.

Then, in a little more, the green was deserted, the widow's donkey came trotting back to its accustomed grazing place, the cocks and hens stalked about in their usual desultory manner, one great tree still lay on the ground, but the others were safe, and their murmuring branches seemed rustling with deep fresh life all that night, long after the moon had risen and stirred the shadows on the plain.

## VIII

### LINA MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

People talk of skeletons in the cupboard. Lina's skeleton was not in the cupboard, but locked up in one of the square iron boxes in her father's study at home. He called the place his den. No housemaids were ever allowed to dust the room or put it in order. Lina was the only member of the household ever admitted, and, indeed, few people except Lina would have cared to spend much time there. It was a dreary sort of place; to say nothing of Sir George himself, lumber of every description lay piled in the corners, under the tables; ugly and forbidding things were scattered about; the room was close, with a faint smell

of tobacco, of books, of mice; spiders roved along the ceiling, moths flew out of the corners, where from year to year clothes hung to pegs, and coats and hats were covered with dust. There was a rusty collection of pistols and foreign-looking weapons against one faded wall, and a case full of whips and heavy sticks. Along the chimney stood a row of stags' heads, opposite the window a great cabinet full of fossils, from which toothless jaws were yawning, socketless eyes blankly glaring, thousand year old thigh bones lying with peeling labels. The tin box was one of six in which Sir George kept the family papers, and it was supposed to relate most specially to Lina's own affairs.

One day Sir George called his daughter in to help him to look for a bill he had mislaid. Lina, girl-like, went seeking about in all sorts of impossible places, behind the boomerang, in the sheath of the cutlass, inside her father's umbrella, and then peeping behind the cabinet she happened to see a thick packet wedged in against the wall. She pulled it out with her slender little hand, and saw that it was a parchment covered with many inky flourishes and signatures and wafers (all unavailing enough to fasten the farm they related to its rightful possessor.) Lina peeped inside a fold of the parchment and saw the names of Lefevre and Gorges written over and over again, and she crossed the room slowly, reading as she came along.

"Papa, this must be of consequence," she said, and the baronet held out his hand, thinking she had found the bill. "Agreement between the said Sir Harold Gorges, baronet, and the said John Lefevre, farmer, of the same parish, as regards the said fields commonly called Marshfields," read Lina, unsuspiciously. Sir George, springing from his seat, snatched the roll angrily out of her hand.

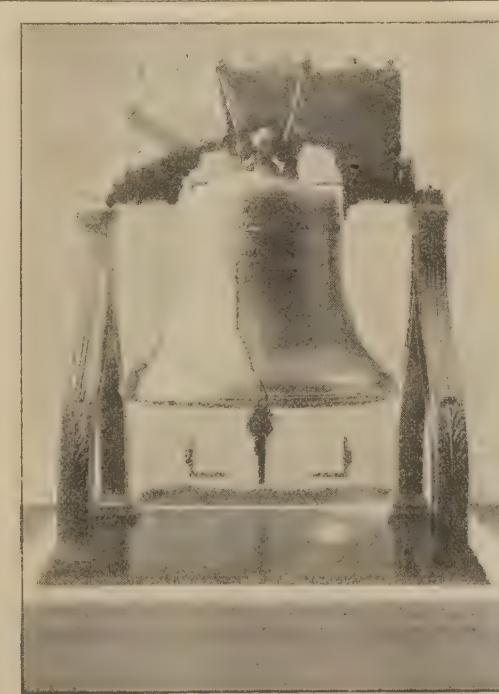
"What have you got there?" he said roughly. "Have I not told you over and over again that you are not to touch anything in my room?" and without even looking at it, he hastily flung the parchment into the box that stood open before him.

(Continued on page 27)

## The Story of the Declaration of Independence

By Elizabeth G. Levy

Among the many places of interest in Washington, D. C. our beautiful National Capital, is the Building known as the War, Navy and State Department. In one of these rooms is found the original manuscript copy of the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration of Independence is the most valuable and the most famous of all our State papers. It forms the groundwork of American freedom, and announced to the world the complete overthrow of British tyranny. To Thomas Jefferson of Virginia, a member of the Continental Congress which met in Philadelphia in 1776, was committed the task and honor of preparing this immortal document. Richard Henry Lee of Virginia had in Congress already declared "that the Colonies were by right and ought to be free and independent, and to him no doubt would have been entrusted the framing of this sacred and important paper, had he not been called away by illness in his family. Jefferson was the youngest member of the committee being scarcely thirty-three, his associates, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and Robert Livingston all being much older. Benjamin Franklin was seventy and looked quite patriarchal. Jefferson had already won the reputation of having "a masterly pen" so that he performed his trust with singular force of argument and elegance of diction. The signatures to the Declaration have become rather indistinct, but care has been taken to have it all lithographed for preservation. Hancock's is the handsomest and boldest of the many signatures and the pen which he used on this occasion is among the most cherished articles belonging to the Massachusetts Historical Society. Charles Carroll of Maryland was the only one who added his place of residence. The reason given for doing so was that some one near by remarked, "There are several of your name and if we are unsuccessful they will not know whom to arrest." "Not so," replied Carroll and immediately wrote "of Carrollton". He was the last survivor of the signers. In 1876 the Declaration was sent to Philadelphia to be exhibited in Independence Hall during the Centennial Exposition. Here with the Liberty Bell it attracted thousands of curious and admiring visitors. Since then it has been in the State Department, Washington, D. C., carefully preserved in the custody of the Bureau of Rolls and Library.



The "Liberty Bell" at Philadelphia

## IN CONGRESS, July 4, 1776

### The unanimous Declaration of the United States of America.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to declare the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the objects which will justify their separation and a new government. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles, and securing its power to effect its Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shewn, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing every暴政, and oppressing justly, shall render the peaceful享樂 of a free people, and transmogrify the character of their Government from the sole object of its creation, to be the suppression of their just rights, it becomes the duty of the people to throw off such a Government, and to provide new guards for their future security. We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. 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# THE CHILDHOOD OF JI-SHIB, THE OJIBWA

By Albert Ernest Jenks

With Illustrations by the Author\*

## CHAPTER FIFTH

IN WHICH JI-SHIB' LEARNS HOW TO PREPARE FOR WAR.

JI-SHIB' had now become a tall slender boy. In the Spring after he had killed the sleeping bear he helped pack up the canoe, and all of the Indians left their Winter hunting grounds with larger canoe loads of skins and pemican than they usually had, for they were preparing a war party to go against their fierce enemy, the Sioux, in the early Autumn. At such times the Indians desired to leave in the village food, and skins for clothing, to supply the Squaws and children and old men who remained behind; there must also be a large supply of moccasins and bows and arrows and tomahawks for the warriors themselves.

By the time they reached their Summer village at the lake, after having stopped and made many stops, their canoes were piled high with provisions.

Early one morning as they paddled down Chippeway river they suddenly came upon a large deer swimming across the stream. On one side the river bank was steep and slippery, and the deer was obliged to come to the shore at a particular place. Ji-shib' and his father and mother, were far ahead with their canoe, and prepared to shoot the animal.

The father selected for Ji-shib' an arrow with a straight and slender shaft and a sharp flint point. Ji-shib' knew very well where to shoot in order to kill the deer, for many times he had been shown where a deer's heart lies, and he knew that when an animal's heart is pierced it soon loses its courage and dies. Then the father selected an arrow for himself, and waited for the boy to shoot. The deer swam swiftly with only its head and large horns above the water, and Ji-shib', watching it, trembled with excitement. As soon as the deer came into the shallows, so that it could touch bottom, it began to bound toward, — half swimming and half running. Soon its body was entirely above the surface of the water, and the arrow shot away from Ji-shib' s bow string and struck its victim. The deer bounded into the air, and then ran splashing and plunging through the water and up the river bank into the forest.

When the father saw where the arrow struck he did not shoot. He knew that a deer will run as long as it has breath in its body, but it is bound to stop soon when it has an arrow through its heart.

As the deer passed up the river bank, and over the low ridge out of sight, it waved its tail like a handkerchief, as much as to say, "Good-bye, Indians, I'm in quite a hurry, good-bye!"

They quickly turned the canoe to the shore, and there on the sands were blood-stains. The father pretended to be busy with the canoe until Ji-shib' ran up the bank following the tracks; and then from over the ridge came the boy's cry of victory, for there was his first deer dead at his feet.

When the other Indians came down the river in their canoes, the boy's feast was again celebrated in honor of Ji-shib' s first deer.

The village was very busy that Spring and Summer getting ready for war. The Squaws planted their maize and beans and squashes. After planting their gardens they frequently tanned skins all day long, and sewed moccasins in the evening by the light of the wigwam fire. The young Indians hunted and fished a great deal. Many of the old Indians and Squaws were absent from the village making arrow heads, while the other Indians built new canoes, and made bows and arrows.

In the month of June, which Ji-shib' called the month of strawberries, he went with his father to get birch bark to make a canoe. They went some distance up Chippeway river, and there found a large tree, straight and smooth, without a limb anywhere near the ground. They cut a circle around the tree near the roots, and another one far up the trunk, and then they cut a straight line down the side of the tree from one circular cut to the other. Just like a boy in the country who is almost undressed by the time he gets to the swimming-hole, so the old tree had nearly half disrobed by the time Ki-niw finished cutting through the bark. The bark sprang away from the tree trunk, on both sides of the long straight cut, as though it had done it every Summer for fifty years. Then Ki-niw loosened the entire bark by pushing his hands between it and the trunk, and there was a gentle swishing sound as the large section fell on the ground at his feet.

When they had taken it home Ji-shib' s mother sewed it together so that it would be large enough to cover the canoe frame. She knew exactly how to sew it, first holding it near the fire until it got soft and would bend like leather, and afterwards punching holes in it with a bone bodkin. She finally fastened the pieces together with large strong thread made of the slender roots of the spruce tree.

While she was doing this, Ji-shib' helped his father prepare the frame of the canoe. This frame, made like the skeleton of a great fish laid on its back, they placed on top of the bark on the ground; then they gathered the bark up on both sides of the cedar ribs, and all three of them helped tie it along the top of the frame. Next a strip of cedar, which we call a gunwale, was bound along the upper edge of the canoe, and four crosspieces fastened in, in order to protect the bark and give form to the canoe. It was turned bottom' up, and Ji-shib' and his mother melted pine pitch and smeared it over all of the seams so that they would not leak, poking the pitch in with a flaming stick. The canoe was then completed. They carried it to the lake, and it floated like a bubble.

Ji-shib' and the other Indian children knew that about two days' journey from the village, away upon the east fork of Chippeway river, there was a quarry and workshop where the tribe got its rock to make arrow heads and war clubs. But he had never seen the place, nor had it very often been seen except by the old Indians and Squaws who worked there.

One afternoon late in the Summer a canoe came around the bend in the lake shore, and

those who saw it knew that it belonged to old Ma'-kwa, Ji-shib' s grandfather. He had been at the workshop all the long Summer and had brought back a great many arrow heads carefully wrapped up in little bags of buckskin. These they carried from the canoe to the wigwam, and before the sun set that evening every wigwam in the village, and every

wigwam in the village at the west end of the lake, had received its share of each sort of arrow heads.

Before this Ji-shib' had helped his father in making arrow shafts. Of course he did not do much in so delicate an undertaking as the making of war-arrow shafts, and after he had done all he could, Ki-niw worked over them until they were smooth and dry and straight. He cut a notch in one end of the shaft to fit the bow string, and in the other end he cut a much deeper notch in which to fasten the arrow head. He also tied and cemented feathers on the back end of each shaft so as to guide it straight,—as a blackbird uses its tail.

In the evening, after Ma'-kwa had come, they were all sitting outside the wigwam, and Ki-niw handed Ji-shib' an arrow shaft and an arrow head, and motioned him to fasten them together. Ji-shib' went to his place in the wigwam, and, getting a ball of deer sinew, soaked it in hot water. Next he put the arrow head in the deep notch of the shaft and bound it in firmly with wet sinew. His father looked at the finished arrow, and said, "Yes, my son, that is well done, but we are not going to hunt deer with these arrows, we are to hunt the Sioux."

After that they all sat around the bright little fire and fastened on the arrow heads, Ji-shib' helping his father. They did not fasten them on firmly, as Ji-shib' had done with the one he made—which was really a hunting arrow—but they fastened them on so lightly that if one entered the flesh of a Sioux, that dreaded enemy could not pull the arrow out without leaving the cruel barbed flint head in the wound, to cut and dig and make it bleed.

In three days old Ma'-kwa took his Squaw and returned to the workshop. After he had gone they found that he had left at the wigwam his deer-horn chipping tools, so Ji-shib' went with his father to take them.

At the workshop, where they made the arrow heads, there were many old Indians whom Ji-shib' had never seen before, as they were from other villages. The ground was strewn with chips and splinters of flint and quartz rocks. His grandfather and old Nes-se-win had a small pile of chips just outside of their wigwam, where they worked together, while inside the wigwam was a pile of thin slabs of rock about as large as an Indian's hand.

Old Nes-se-win laid one of these large flint slabs on a piece of buckskin which was spread on the palm of his hand, and held it down firmly with the tips of his fingers, while Ma'-kwa placed the point of his chipping tool against the flint, and struck it a quick rebounding blow with a wooden mallet. Every time he struck it, a chip flew off. Nes-se-win kept turning the flint in his hand over and around, and Ma'-kwa kept chipping it away, until finally it was an arrow head or spear point.

It was almost as though Ma'-kwa struck with his mallet in order to beat time to his singing, for he sang nearly all of the while in a low pleasant voice, and his songs kept perfect time with the strokes of his mallet. Sometimes he sang to Nes-se-win over and over again this simple song:

"Nes-se-win holds the flint,  
While Ma'-kwa chips it out.  
Nes-se-win holds the flint,  
While Ma'-kwa chips it out."

And then again he sang to the arrow head. As he was chipping the point sharp and slender, he sang to it this worker's song, which made Ji-shib' s blood boil, and before he knew it he was singing it with his grandfather:

"I give you the war-bird's eye  
To see the enemy's heart;  
I give you the war-bird's eye  
To see the enemy's heart."

When he came to chip the two sharp barbs at the base of the arrow head, he changed the song, and sang:

"I give you the war-bird's claws  
To tear the enemy's heart;  
I give you the war-bird's claws  
To tear the enemy's heart."

Everywhere about them in this workshop the old Indians were busily at work. While looking around him at the singing groups of workers, Ji-shib' saw a Squaw come up from her canoe at the river bank with a heavy pack on her back. When she opened the moose-skin pack it proved to be full of slabs of flint like those in the grandfather's wigwam, and from which they chipped out the arrow heads and spear points.

The next day Ji-shib' went with his father and grandmother a short distance farther up the east fork of Chippeway river to the quarry site. There in the river bank were several pockets of quartz and flint rocks massed together like quahog shells in a great basket. Some of the old Indians pried the rocks out of the ground, others broke them up with large stone hammers, while still others chipped these broken pieces of rocks into crude slabs the size of one's hand, and these the Squaws carried away to the workshop for the chippers to make into arrow heads and other weapons.

When Ji-shib' and his father got back to the village from the quarry, the Squaw had gone with several others down into Little Manomin river to begin the Autumn harvest of wild rice, which is the common grain food of the Ojibwa. After remaining at the village a day to distribute the arrow heads which they brought in from the workshop, they took a great number of duck arrows, and paddled out through the lake into the river, to shoot duck and other water fowl in the wild rice fields, while the Squaws were gathering the grain.

That evening the sacred dog feast was held. They killed and cooked a white dog, but before they ate any of it they asked the Spirits to keep off all storms until the grain was gathered. Before each mouthful Ji-shib' and his father, and every one who ate, threw a part of his food into the fire, so that its Spirit might ascend to the Spirits above as a feast,—for Spirits like to eat as well.



# Making Window Boxes

"Artisan"

**F**IRST get your lumber at the nearest wood yard and some wire nails. Or you can break up an empty dry goods box or other convenient box and secure the stock and nails from this. In fact, lumber knocked down from old boxes is preferred because the stock is seasoned and not apt to warp, shrink and split like new lumber. Get your lumber free from knot holes. Regular pine boards are exceedingly useful for making window boxes, but the hard woods can be utilized with good results especially if it is

intended to stain or polish the same. The next step after getting the stock, consists in making the sides of the box as in figure 1. The length of the box, will of course, depend upon the width of the window or window shelf. The depth should range from six to ten inches deep. Eight inches of depth is the average dimension. Therefore you may select the boards at the beginning, for this depth. The ends are next cut as in figure 2. The width of the ends will correspond to the width of the bottom. Bottoms run from ten inches to fourteen inches wide. The twelve-inch wide window box will be found suitable for most cases. The bottom board is exhibited in figure 3. We are now ready to put up the box. The boards are of course planed. This is not necessary, but smooth boards make a better appearing box, unless it is desired that a special rustic effect be obtained, in which case the timber in the rough is used. After we get the box pieces nailed together, the mode of putting up the box is considered.

Some people screw the box bottom direct to the window sill, but there are objections to this, particularly on the part of the owner of the house. The dampness oozes through the bottom and in time communicates to the casing of the window and produces shrinking as well as soils the paint work. Then there are the screw holes which must remain. Then again, if the box is put on a solid base like this, there is no opportunity for boring holes through the bottom for drainage. Therefore, the careful housewife usually employs other means for supporting the window box. Perhaps brackets or braces are employed as illustrated in figure 4.

These brackets are very readily constructed with some pieces of wood about two inches wide. The angle is made with the upper piece the length of the width of the box, while the back angle piece is made long enough to assure a secure brace against the window casing. Then the piece of wood is put in to support the top piece as shown. Wire nails or screws may be utilized for this work. For an ordinary box, from two to four braces may be secured to the window casing for the bottom of the box to rest upon. But some housekeepers want plant boxes that may be placed at will about the home. Sometimes the box is required for indoor service at the window and then again it may be needed on the porch in front of a window. Hence the method of putting on legs is adopted, a pattern of which is illustrated in figure 5.

The same material is used as is employed in the making of the box. The leg should be cut so as to bring the box up to the desired height. It can be nailed or screwed to the side of the box as in figure 7.

Still another plan for supporting the window box consists in hanging it with a strong cord as in figure 6. This method is not used very often. A heavy screw-eye is put into the woodwork above and to this the four cords are connected. The cords extend downward to the corners of the box as exhibited. Thus the

window box may be hung at any desired level on either side of the window.

Zinc or common tin sheet linings are used in a number of the window boxes of modern design. It will be necessary to go to the tinsmiths to get this type of lining made. He will require the dimensions of your box and from these he will cut out and make the

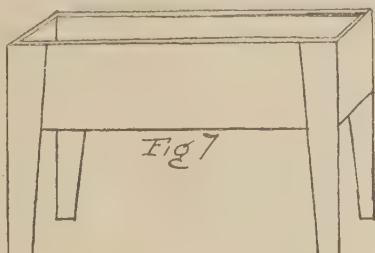


Fig 7

lining. This costs more than the entire box as a rule. For purposes of draining the tin tank, there should be a hole and plug used, which hole passes through the wood bottom of the box as well. The plug can be withdrawn at any time for purposes of drainage. Figure 9 shows the zinc-lined box on a shelf. Usually the carpenter is called in to install the shelf, although it may be done with the same tools used for making the window box. Wood or metal brackets are used for supporting the shelf and these brackets are attached to the window casing. Some ornamental work may be

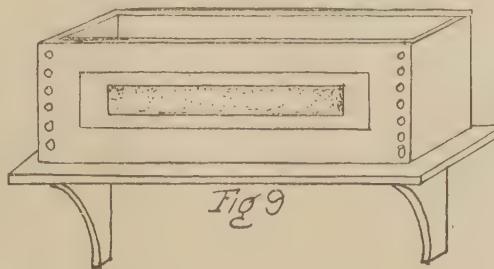


Fig 9

applied to the front of the box to set it off. In fact, some of the window boxes are highly decorated. We exhibit one of this class in figure 10. The box proper is usually made in the customary fashion, after which the decorations are put on. These may consist of metal work purchased from dealers in building trimmings.

The various designs in brass and other metal appear rich on the smooth box surface. Or some scroll work may be sawed out from black walnut or other stock with a fret saw and this stock glued or secured to the surfaces of the box with little nails. Sometimes by visiting the second hand store, some discarded table or desk legs may be purchased at a low price, and these can be attached to the box as in this illustration. Or some artistically shaped legs can be worked out with the cutting tools. In fact, I have seen some hand engraved parts of window boxes, well worth looking

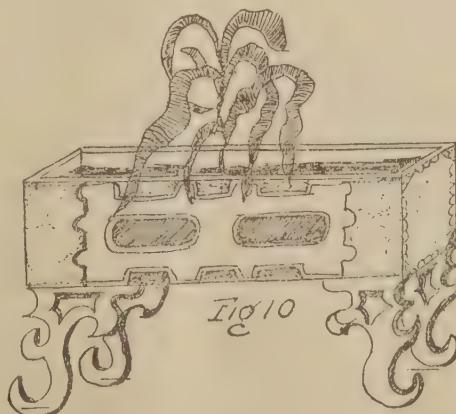


Fig 10

at. The painting or staining of the box comes next and this involves the application of green colors of common house paint as a rule. Still some prefer reds, blues and other shades. Still others resort to the stains, and as these tints are readily purchased, one may get walnut or cherry or other stain quite easily. Then we fill the boxes with the earth to complete the work. Then you are ready for the plants and the fertilizer.

## Beside a Mountain Brook.

By Lennie Greenlee.

Though merrily insistent all the year, the call of the brook is heeded most in summer time, when bird voices sing to its purring accompaniment and flowers bloom along its banks. Even a tiny ribbon of a rill, winding along one's grounds, can give much unflagging greenness and pleasure, but to follow the shallows, swirls and falls of a dashing mountain brook has much of the excitement of the chase, mingled with a certain indescribable feeling of exhilaration.

The rarest birds and the shyest wild flowers love the brook as well as you and I. Through summer heat it is a place of refuge and refreshment for many wild creatures that dash away through the undergrowth as you approach. There are clusters of enchanting little waterfalls, great boulders covered with green moss and ferns; deep, cool nooks where one may rest while the water goes plashing on over brown and green mosses into the sunlight below. Here, there are beds of bluebells and of violets, looking like patches of fallen sky. In dense shadows beyond lurk ghostly colonies of Indian pipe. Upon cozy, moss-covered rocks near by there are mats of glossy galax leaves, brightened, perhaps, if fortune favors, by the rosy, nodding flowers of lady's-slippers. These two love cool north hillsides. As the lady's-slippers fade the galax will take on bright tints of its own.

Should the time be late summer one side of the brook will sometimes flash into full sunlight with a fringe of brilliant white everlasting, golden-rod, asters and cardinal flowers, while over-hanging the other is a steep, rocky ledge, densely shaded by rhododendrons and hemlocks. Such strong contrasts and the ever-shifting reflections from the water upon rocks and flowers are baffling to the camera and tiresome to the eye.

Turn away from the sunny little vista of mountain meadow and, shading your eyes for a moment, peer about among the trees. Up through the green gloom, amid thickets of brown rhododendron stems, rise the silvery boles of beech and birch, on which only the woodpecker has inscribed his name. Keep quiet a few moments and you may hear not only the sound of his mallet but the flute-like note of the hermit thrush.

All the great tree-trunks seem to lean lovingly toward the brook, as if they would protect it. Rhododendron and beech mingle their leaf-spray above it, forming in spring Nature's greatest contrast in green tints. The laurel then is blackened by many winter storms; the beech leaves, freshly unrolled from brown parchment buds, show a gauzily fresh and tender green that squirrel epicures eagerly feast upon, with plump tails curled jauntily aloft. These beech trees are happy hunting grounds for the mountain lads, who recite with glee the number of furry innocents killed from among beech boughs each spring.

The picturesque log cabins, lodged here and there within sight and sound of the brook, form interesting bits of study, either at a distance, or when a sudden shower dashes through the laurel canopy, driving you to shelter in some old barn among the haymakers or into some rude dwelling. Here there are still primitive looms and spinning wheels, coon-skin caps and flint-lock guns. Perhaps, if noon-time comes while you rest, broiled trout, sweet and delicious corn-pone, buttermilk, and limpid honey from some bee-tree will be offered you as refreshment.

All this will remind you probably, of the "locusts and wild honey" that John the Baptist ate in the wilderness. These, your entertainers, are also like to be Baptists,—"Mountain Baptists," the valley people would say. Following the brook homeward in the afternoon you may find somewhere near its banks a little log church. A deep, shining pool, rimmed with laurel and azalea is sure to be close by. The brook has helped to baptize many of the mountain people, sometimes while azalea blossoms showed pink in the pool, sometimes when bits of floating ice tinkled musically away from the jagged blotch broken in its white winter mask.

Somewhere near the little church your brook is apt to meet the river, losing its clear current in a turbid tide of rushing water. Sweeping onward in the embrace of the river it is swept under smoke-blackened railroad bridges, through fertile valleys where the stream is allowed only a fringe of trees, into the sand-dune country. Here the mountain mists and resinous odors, the beeches, the squirrels and cardinal flowers are all forgotten amid the smoke of factories and the clatter of spindles, until, released at last from bondage, the lyric of the brook is lost in the epic of the sea.

## Daisies

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune

I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,  
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,

The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolink rallied them up from the dell,

The orioles whistled them out of the wood;  
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"

And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good." —More Songs from Vagabondia.

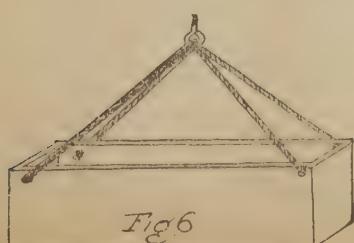
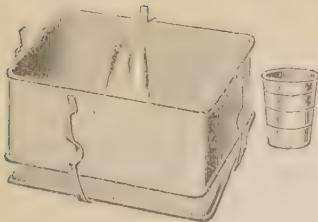


Fig 6



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## Cool Gowns for the Hot Days

The Vick's Magazine Pattern Service

### A Dainty Lingerie Blouse

The lingerie blouse has become an indispensable bit of finery in the well-dressed woman's wardrobe. The present blouse is as fine and elaborate as human fingers can fashion with the result that it is rather expensive if purchased ready to wear. Here is sketched one of the newest ideas in a blouse for home construction which is simply made and yet very effective. The embroidered front may be done by hand without much labor or a pretty effect may be gained by using the wide embroidery and joining the pieces in a seam below the V in front and back. The narrow ruffles on the shoulders give extra fullness to the front. A finely tucked material or all-over lace may form the ruffles and chemette, the latter being removable. The design might be utilized in the making of a taffeta or Louise blouse or a cotton voile or linien. In the medium size 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6484 is cut in sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 6452

### A Dainty Princess Gown

The Princess mode is not only chic but becoming and is a feature of every well dressed woman's wardrobe. The gown shown is of soft silk and finished decollete for evening wear. The quaint fichu effect obtained by the draperies of lace about the neck, is unique and fetching, made more so by the fold of dark velvet which accentuates the center. The sleeves are completed by angel ruffles of lace to match the fichu. The fitted portion of the gown is laid in box pleats and stitched any desired distance—some of the newest French gowns being tightly fitted to the knees. If one is quite slender the fitting about the waist may be effected by shirrs and the result be exceedingly soft and graceful. For a gown of less dressy nature, a yoke and deep cuffs of some contrasting material may be arranged and as little trimming be done as desired. The model is not difficult to construct and suitable to any soft material. For the medium size 10 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6452 is cut in sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Pattern No. 6484

### A Unique Sack

Everything in the way of negligees and matinees is light and dainty and with the wide variety of fabrics and designs no woman should appear unattractive about the home. The fashion for all that is Japanese in negligees and wraps has introduced the lines of the Mandarin robe into the daintiest of tea jackets. The one portrayed is decidedly unique in design, the front yoke and front half of the sleeve being in one piece while the back is arranged in the same way and the seam on the shoulder. The lower portion of the sack is also in one piece. The edges may be finished in various ways, by button-holing or by ribbon binding or an embroidered hem. A linen, lawn, silk or French flannel may serve as material. In the medium size 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6418 is cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.



Patterns No. 4033 and 4034

### Simple Graduating Frock

The day of all days to the girl is the event of her graduation from school. It is the stepping from girlhood into womanhood and demands the daintiest of apparel. The dotted and embroidered swissies are charming for such frocks and need only some fine lace to render them most exquisite. Here is given a suggestion for such a gown, made very simply but most appropriately. The round yoke and sleeve frills are made of rows of insertion sewed together while a flounce of the same might adorn the bottom of the skirt. Any of the sheer materials could be used to develop this frock. In the medium size 6 yards of 36-inch goods are needed. Nos. 4033 and 4034 are each cut in sizes 12 to 16 years.



Patterns No. 6491 and 6492

### A Pretty Foulard Gown

The foulards are now so practical as well as pleasing that few women are without at least one gown of this beautiful silk. It may be obtained in a variety of widths and so be cut to best advantage. An attractive gown of this fabric is shown, and one suited to home construction. The waist may have a round yoke and full length sleeves or be finished as shown. The waist and skirt are tucked about the top and tucks suggest a triple box pleat down the entire front. The skirt is lengthened by a rucked flounce. Not foulard alone but crepe de chine, challis, lawn or any soft fabric may serve as material. For the medium size 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 6491 is cut in sizes, 32 to 40 inches bust measure. No. 6492 is cut in sizes, 20 to 30 inches waist measure.



Pattern No. 6418



Patterns No. 6390 and 6391

### French Drawers and Fitted Corset Cover

The woman of fashion is very fastidious about the fit of her underwear. At the present day when every line of the figure is weighed in the scale of perfection, Milly can afford to wear ill-shaped garments to mar the fit of her gown. The woman of full figure appreciates especially a set of undergarments which do not add to her appearance of largeness. A woman often marvels at the perfect fit of another's gown and wonders why her figure does not look as well. The reason is here—one wears perfectly fitted undergarments and does not permit even one grain of wrinkle to spoil her appearance. The other wears shirrs and gathers and bands and buttons about her waist—is it strange that there's a difference of an inch or two at the wrong place? Darts fit the corset cover and drawers at the waist line and they are not only of excellent shaping but most comfortably fitting garments. They may be trimmed in any preferred manner, Victoria lawn, Mazalea, muslin, maineek and cambric being materials most used for underwear. The medium size calls for four yards of 36-inch material. No. 6390 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. No. 6391 in sizes 20 to 36 inches waist measure.

## For Little Men and Women

## Child's Gabrielle Dress

In the gowning of the little maid, the quaint and picturesque are everywhere prominent and when the practical is also added the demands of fashion are satisfied. In the small Gabrielle dress shown we have a model very much like those worn by our mothers when they were little girls. Of course the lines conform to the present day styles but it is a Gabrielle dress all the same. The body part consists



Pattern No. 4786

of gores which give it excellent shaping. It may be made with or without the circular bertha and flounce or it may be cut away at the bertha to form a pretty guimpe dress. It may be developed as elaborately or as simply as desired, the seams being inset with lace for a dressy costume while the lace might adorn the ruffles. For a simple little home dress, a checked gingham or challis might serve.  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material are needed for the medium size. No. 4786 is cut in sizes 2 to 9 years.

## A Simple Little Frock

The provident mother knows that in planning frocks for the little folks it is a good plan to have at least one or two plain ones among the new supply. Frock for every day which last so short a time seem to wear better when there is an absence of trimming. The simpler they are made, the more time is saved to mother and this is the point to be considered. Here is



Pattern No. 4776

A small dress for a girl or boy made in one piece. The round yoke and broad cuffs are of a contrasting material outlined with several rows of braid. A belt of leather completes the frock. Linen, crasp or serge as well as any seasonable material may be used. The medium size requires 2 yards of 36 inch material. No. 4776 is cut in sizes 2 to 6 years.

## A Small Nightdress

Here is a design for a small nightdress which has a yoke and full skirt part. It is simple to construct and very attractive and dainty in design. The yoke is made of tucking and insertion and pointed down



Pattern No. 4704

slightly in front and back. The neck and sleeve are prettily finished with a narrow fulled lace or embroidery and a band of insertion forms the cuff. Nainsook or longcloth is the material used for these gowns and they will give much more satisfaction than the gown bought ready made. For the medium size the pattern calls for  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. No. 4704 is cut in sizes 4 to 14 years.

## Combination Skirt and Underwaist

In the simple little undergarment shown here we have a fitted waist to which may be attached a yoke skirt, or if preferred the latter may be buttoned on. This style is well suited to the figure of the growing girl and the yoke skirt helps a great deal in giving shape to the figure. The full portion of the skirt may



Pattern No. 4765

be of embroidery flouncing or of plain nainsook or longcloth with tucks or embroidery as adornment. The neck and arm edges may be prettily finished with a narrow embroidered edging and a ribbon-run heading will prove an attractive finish. Cambric and muslin as well as lawn are used for these undergarments. For the medium size 3 yards of 36-inch material are needed. No. 4765 is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.

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Pattern No. 4022

small folks. The little guimpe shown here is the one liked best by mothers as it is most simply made and yet may be as elaborate as desired. It fastens down at the waist by a tape run in a casing so that no pins or buttons are necessary to hold it in place. The collar is low but may be omitted altogether if preferred and a narrow piece of gathered embroidery substituted. Lawn, Swiss or mull may serve as material. In the medium size the pattern calls for  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. No. 4022 is cut in sizes 4 to 14 years.

Without a bolero jacket, a woman's wardrobe this summer will be incomplete. It is now generally worn with a skirt to match, but as the warm days come on, will accompany lawn or organdy frocks.

Animal heads are in high favor for scarf pins.

Valenciennes medallions are provided for lingerie waists.

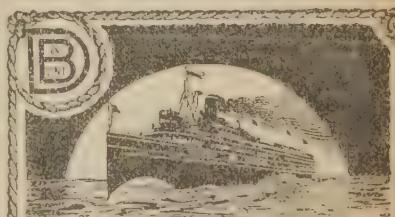
Handsome jeweled buttons should be used with a sparing hand.

"Old" colors, the dull shades in velvet are popular for evening wraps.

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Nos. 6714-6715

of this kind might be made up in any of  
the softer silks, or mulls and prove just  
the thing for nice wear. 10½ yards 36  
inches wide are needed for the dress in  
the medium size. The pattern 6714 comes  
in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure, and  
6715, from 20 to 30 inches waist measure.

Capes and cape effects are decidedly  
a la mode and many  
a woman and girl is  
glad of the opportunity to use some  
piece of material which will match or  
harmonize with some  
skirt and is yet not  
sufficient for any-  
thing larger. These  
cape effects are very easily  
made and do not re-  
quire the fitting  
which the ordinary  
jacket must have.  
The wrap shown,  
6713, is indeed a bolero  
with short loose  
sleeves and a grace-  
ful double-cape effect  
over the shoulder. It is suitable for  
linen, silk or a worsted and needs 3 yds.  
of 36-inch material for the medium size.  
The pattern of 6713 comes in all sizes,  
small, medium and large.

In shirt waists some very chic effects

are gained by shaped  
trimming straps  
which give excellent  
lines to the garment  
and trim the blouse  
sufficiently without a  
fussy appearance. No.  
6705 has narrow tucks  
at either side of the  
front and back while  
the trimming strap  
which surrounds the  
neck and continues  
down the front is  
stunning. It is a  
waist of grace and  
dignity and yet easily  
made. Any season-  
able fabric may serve  
or pongee being ex-  
cellent. 3 yards 36-inches wide are  
needed for the waist in the medium size.  
This pattern 6705 may be obtained in  
six sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

The woman with household duties or  
business to attend to in the morning is  
always glad of a simple gown which is  
easily made and tubbed. Here is just  
the thing in 6475-6454. It consists of a  
shirt waist which escapes absolute plain-

No. 6713

No. 6705

No. 6475-6454

No. 6384-6385

No. 4048

No. 4758

No. 4749

# SEND ME Your Name

I want the name of every reader of this paper who wants a beautiful piano or organ. Write me today—simply cut out the coupon printed below and send to me. I will show you how to save money. I will show you finer instruments than you have ever seen before at my special prices. Let me send the plan—and the large illustrated catalog—and full particulars of every detail of my special offers.

Let me explain how I trust any honest home for my pay—how I will give you from one to two and one half years to complete payment from any instrument you select.

And I will tell you about my free trial plan—how I ship direct to you on ONE MONTHS FREE TRIAL—with the agreement that you are to ship back at MY EXPENSE if for any reason whatever you are not pleased.

No money in advance—no deposit required—no guarantee from third party. No strings tied to my offer—it is just as I say it is—and it is your duty to get my plan and special offers before you even think of closing a deal elsewhere.

I ship Thierry Pianos and Organs to every state in the Union. I supply more homes with instruments than any other man in the country. And I guarantee every instrument I ship out to be exactly as I represent it to be—or I will cheerfully take instrument back and pay all expenses of the transaction.

Not only this, but I further guarantee my instruments to be the equal in tone and workmanship of any manufactured—and to be better, in every respect, than any other instruments sold at my prices.



THE PIANO  
AND ORGAN MAN



THIERRY PIANO—STYLE 40

Scores of testimonial letters from homes who have Thierry Instruments will be sent with my plan and catalog and you will find them very interesting.

**SEND COUPON TODAY**  
and be sure to mention whether you want piano or an organ. Do not fail to mention this as I have two large catalogs, one for pianos and one for organs.

**J. B. THIERY**  
The Piano and  
Organ Man  
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

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MILWAUKEE,  
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Please send  
to me by re-  
turn mail,  
catalog,  
buying plan  
and full infor-  
mation regard-  
ing your  
special offers

as advertised in Vick's Magazine

Name.....  
Address.....  
I want.....

ADDITIONAL NAME OR ADDRESS



Do you suffer from Epilepsy or Fits? If so, I believe I can cure you. I am curing many where every other known remedy had failed. Let me send you a \$2.50 treatment prepared specially for your case. FREE as a test. This free treatment alone has cured many. Try it. Address Dr. Chas. Green, 75 Monroe St., Battle Creek, Mich.

**PATENTS** 48-page book FREE.  
FITZGERALD & CO., Dept. P, Washington, D. C.

# From The Heights

Great Boulders Become as Little Pebbles, When Viewed From The Mountain Top

Did you ever climb a mountain and stand on its summit and look down along the pathway by which you came and notice how small the rocks and great boulders, which you could hardly pass, now seem to you? If you have had this experience, we are sure that, as you have breathed the exhilarating mountain air and experienced that sense of victory over what seemed to be unsurmountable obstacles, you have enjoyed the same sensations which we, as the publishers of Vick's Magazine, have, in accomplishing a great purpose.

When we took charge of the magazine in 1901 it had been neglected; the subscription list had run down to a small number, the magazine itself was small and its contents not such as appealed to a large number of people. From a financial standpoint the publication was at the lowest point of its history. We at once introduced new departments, increased the size of the magazine, employed writers of reputation and inaugurated a campaign of improvement, enlargement and expansion which has been carried on vigorously ever since, resulting in our giving our readers today what is unquestionably the best fifty cent magazine in America.

The July and August numbers are not fair samples of what we give our readers throughout the year as, during these months, many of the departments are omitted as they are not suited to the summer months. In September the magazine will again be its usual size.

## Two Million Eyes

With the improvement of the magazine editorially the first great step in climbing our mountain, was taken, and this same policy of improvement is to be continued. The second part of our journey to success was more difficult. We had an ambition to place Vick's before a million readers each month. Oh! how full of rocks and boulders was the pathway. Advertising was expensive, agents hard to find, premiums not wanted, but we have persevered, climbing over obstacle after obstacle until today two million eyes scan the columns of each number of Vick's Magazine and we feel well satisfied with our victory and look back at those great rocks in our pathway and behold them as mere pebbles in the distance.

## The Future

We look away into the future with unbounded confidence and enthusiasm. We have placed the business on a basis where it is paying large dividends regularly to the stockholders of the Vick Publishing Company and there is a steady stream of new subscriptions coming in at a rate which is sure to double our business in the next two years. While we shall push the business harder than ever in the future it will be done on a strictly conservative and safe basis as we want the large number of subscribers who have taken shares in our company to feel that their investment is as safe as though it were in a bank or a farm.

## The Vick Publishing Co.

The Company is regularly incorporated under the laws of the State of New York with an authorized capital of \$250,000, divided into ten-dollar shares. Divi-

dends are paid semi-annually (January and July) at the rate of ten per cent, a year. The earnings have considerably exceeded the amount necessary to pay the dividends, but it has been thought best to spend this surplus in building up the business.

## A Financial Statement

To give our readers an idea of the substantial character of our business we are pleased to publish the following statement:

RESOURCES	
Cash on hand and in bank.....	\$ 1,965.00
Accounts receivable.....	18,000.00
Merchandise (inv. Jan. 1, '06).....	1,650.00
Furniture and fixtures.....	1, 2.00
Real Estate Equity .....	50,000.00
Subscription list.....	70,000.00
Total assets.....	\$142,847.00
LIABILITIES	
Surplus and undivided profits.....	\$ 7, 1.00
Accounts and bills payable.....	14, 7.00
Total liabilities.....	\$13, 5.00
Total assets above liabilities	\$125,700.00

## Treasury Stock Offered

We still have a limited amount of treasury stock and to provide for further development we offer the same at par (ten dollars per share). With the present rate of growth of our business we are confident that the stock will be worth two or three times its face value by two years from now and when the present offering of treasury stock is taken we shall not sell any more at less than twelve dollars and fifty cents a share. To those who are not prepared to pay for their shares in full we will grant the privilege of paying in installments of one dollar per share a month until paid for.

## A Few Words From Shareholders

"Please reserve for me five additional shares in Vick Publishing Company. Am glad of the chance to invest more with such a wide awake company."

J. S. W., —, Mass.

"I think very highly of my small investment with you and will be glad to take ten more shares the first of June."

W. B. S., —, Georgia.

"I enclose \$30.00 for three additional shares of your stock. I am well pleased with the stock which I have and don't think I can find a better investment."

MRS. B. H., —, N. Y.

"I am pleased with the outlook of the company and will take five more shares."

A. E. A., —, Mass.

"I have this A. M. received the January dividend check (\$12.50) for which accept my thanks. I am, of course, more than satisfied and hope to be able in the course of a few months, to take a few more shares."

W. G., —, Scotland.

"I should like to have five more shares of stock in your company. I like Vick's Magazine and hope you may succeed in making it all you wish."

E. P. D., —, Pa.

"Your letter enclosing dividend check for \$100.00, is at hand for which please accept my thanks."

"Enclosed you will find draft for fifty dollars for five additional shares of stock in your company."

L. A. H., —, Ohio.

"Received \$50.00 as dividend for first six months of 1906 on 100 shares."

A. J. H., —, Fla.

"I hereby subscribe for 25 more shares of the Vick Publishing Co. stock and enclose check for \$250.00 for same."

W. B. J., —, Vt.

"Many thanks for the January dividend which came to hand this evening."

H. A. C., —, Md.

"It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge receipt of your check for \$5.00 for January dividend on my stock in your Company."

T. M. C., —, Quebec.

"Yours with dividend check at hand. Am pleased with the great improvement in the magazine."

B. K., —, Ills.

"I received check for dividend yesterday. The magazine is certainly improving and I think is bound to grow in popularity."

J. H., —, R. I.

Please fill out the following blank for as many shares as you are able to take and mail to our Rochester, N. Y. office at your earliest convenience.

**Vick Publishing Co., Rochester, N. Y.**

GENTLEMEN:—I hereby subscribe for..... shares of the stock of the VICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, at ten dollars (par) per share, and agree to pay for the same at the rate of one dollar a month per share.

Enclosed find \$..... as full payment

Name.....

P. O. ....

Street. ....

R. F. D. } State. ....

# SWISS LACE COLLAR

Latest style, beautiful effect; worn in any New York Store, \$2.50 a piece. Mailed prepaid for 15¢ each and 10¢ for 2 pieces. Sizes from 12 and 14. This article contains neckwear novelties, etc., given with every order. Also premium list. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**OSWALD MEYER**

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Jersey City, N. J.

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THE VACUUM CAP CURES BALDNESS

60 DAYS TRIAL

Thousands in use. Thousands cured. The Vacuum Cap, when used a few minutes each day draws the blood to the scalp and forces the hair into new growth. Cures Dandruff. We send it to you on trial. We only want pay if you are pleased. Call or write for free particulars.

**THE MODERN VACUUM CAP CO.**

538 Barclay Block, Denver, Colo.

# Never Cut a Corn

It is dangerous. Our plasters give safe, sure and speedy relief extracting the corn without pain or trouble. Mailed 5 for 10¢, 15 for 25¢. Book on foot comfort free with order.

**SIMPLEX CORN CURE**

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# FISH BITE

All seasons, if you use INDIAN FISH BAIT. Best fish bait ever invented; nothing like it on the market. A trial box free. Agents wanted.

W. C. ANDREWS, Box E 1268, Muskogee, Ind. Ter.

**INSTANTLY**



free. JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 3248 N. Western Ave., B-25, Chicago.

**Grow Mushrooms**

For Big and Quick Profits.

I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars



# THE SAFEST MONEY-MAKING CHANCE OF THE YEAR



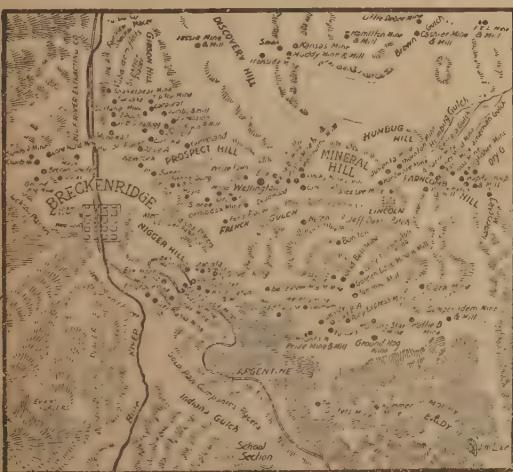
MAIN TUNNEL  
NEAR ENTRANCE  
Showing Sub-  
stantial Timber-  
ing Employed.  
After the First  
200 Feet But  
Little Timbering  
is Required.

## Stratton Wanted Wellington Mine

John G. Goodier, now Superintendent of the Wellington Mine, formed a partnership with W. S. Stratton, the well-known mining king, for the purchase of the Wellington Mine, and after all arrangements were made and just before the deal was completed, Stratton was taken sick and died in a few days. The great mind was impressed with the Wellington Mine, and but for his untimely death it would be a Stratton property to-day. The immense bodies of ore since developed have verified Stratton's judgment.



IN THE HEART  
OF A MOUNTAIN  
OF ORE  
Showing East  
End of Tunnel  
on Main Ore  
Vein, a Distance  
of 2,100 Feet  
From Entrance.



## You Can Buy Stock on Easy Payments

\$10.00 buys 200 shares of stock, payable \$1 down and \$1 per month.  
\$50 buys 1000 shares of stock, payable \$5 down and \$5 per month.  
\$100 buys 2000 shares of stock, payable \$10 down and \$10 per month.  
\$250 buys 5000 shares of stock, payable \$25 down and \$25 per month.  
\$500 buys 10,000 shares of stock, payable \$50 down and \$50 per month.

All stockholders are on an equal basis. No preferred stock or bonds. Shares are \$1 par value, full paid and non-assessable. Incorporated under the laws of Arizona, Capital Stock \$10,000,000. No orders received where total payments to be made amount to less than \$10,000.

## The Famous Wellington Mine

### In the Rich Breckenridge District of Colorado will Soon be Ready to Yield Its Great Wealth to Stockholders

With the crude facilities and moderate means of the individual owners this mine has already produced over \$250,000. The underground workings total almost 11,000 lineal feet, or more than two miles; and develop such immense ore bodies that it is impossible for tongue or pen to comprehensively describe them. Not less than 70,000 tons of ore have been blocked out, which, together with 15,000 tons already on the dump, is worth, according to previous actual smelter sales, \$2,550,000. With the installation of a 300-ton mill, a 500-foot double compartment shaft, and a complete electrical power plant, the Wellington Mine can be made to pay

A NET PROFIT OF OVER \$8,400 PER DAY



IN THE CENTER OF THE MINE AT THE INTERSECTION  
OF THE MAIN AND CROSS-CUT TUNNELS.

### Visit the Mine at Our Expense

We court the fullest and most searching investigation of every statement made in our advertisements. If there are a number of investors in your town who are interested and wish to send a representative to inspect the mine, or if you contemplate investing as much as \$500 if you are thoroughly satisfied in every way, we would be pleased to have you communicate with U. H. Hosterman, Fiscal Agent, for full information about visiting the mine absolutely at our expense. We will pay all expenses in order to prove to you conclusively that the Wellington is even greater than it is represented. A trip through its electric lighted tunnels, climbing its stope hundreds of feet through solid ore, descending its winzes and seeing the immense bodies of ore already blocked out, will convince you that its tremendous value has not been over-stated.



### What Breckenridge People Think of the Wellington Mine

William Mitchell, Manager Chamberlain & Dillingham, Ore Buyers, says:

"I buy all the ores shipped out of this district and am in a position to know what the mines are doing. I do not hesitate to state that I would sooner have the Wellington than any mine in Cripple Creek."

Fred C. Cramer, Deputy U. S. Mineral Surveyor:

"I made the surveys of the Wellington Mine and have kept closely in touch with it since. There is no question that the Wellington is the biggest proposition in this district."

Judge W. B. Thomas:

"I have prospected and mined in Summit county since 1882, and the Wellington is the biggest thing I know of here."

Hon. W. F. Forman, Mayor:

"I have been through the Wellington Mine, and in my opinion there is nothing to equal it in this county."

George Engle, Banker:

"The Wellington Mine is a big property, big enough to speak for itself."

Chas. Levy, Leading Merchant:

"There is no question about the value of the Wellington Mine. It is the biggest mine in this county."

## Over 2 Miles of Development Work

The Wellington is such an immense mine that it requires six hours of time to traverse and inspect its various tunnels and drifts, to go down its shafts and winzes, to go up the various stope and up-raises, and almost all the time you are passing through such great bodies of rich ore that the sight is bewildering.

### AN ACTUAL SHIPPING MINE

The Wellington Mine is the biggest and most valuable in the rich Breckenridge district. It has been operated profitably for years on a small scale, with a single track tunnel. With no mill to concentrate the ores, \$250,000 has been taken out, most of which has been used to conduct development work and prepare it for operation on the large scale which its former owners hoped they would some day succeed in doing. At this time the Wellington Mines Company stepped in and purchased the property, and you are invited to come in with the new owners on the "ground floor" and help furnish the money to purchase a complete and splendid equipment. The Wellington is a paying mine now; is working every day, and with modern machinery and adequate facilities will undoubtedly become one of the biggest dividend paying properties in this country.

## \$5.00 Worth of Ore in Sight for Every Dollar You Invest

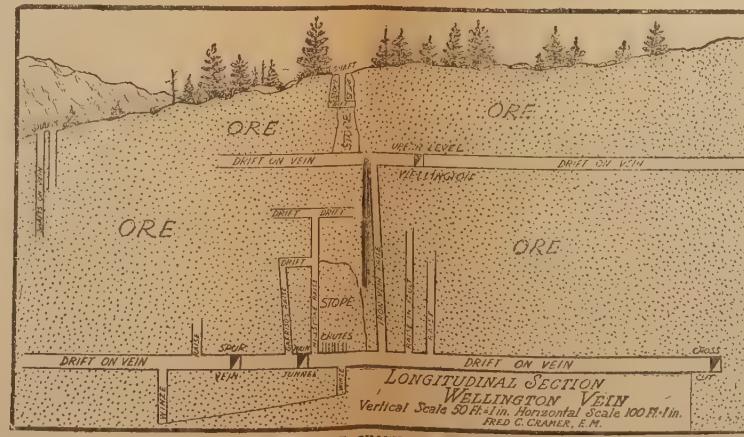
When you invest your money in Wellington Mines stock at 5 cents per share you are buying ore at about one-fifth its actual value. It is just like buying wheat in the bin at one-fifth the market price. The value is there backed by 70,000 tons of ore blocked out and 15,000 tons on the dump. Figuring this ore on the basis of the smelter sales for the past three years, which average over \$30 per ton, it is worth \$2,550,000. All that is necessary to turn this ore into cash is a complete equipment of modern machinery and an adequate force of miners to operate it. The Wellington Mines Company is sufficiently capitalized to put in all improvements necessary to work the mine on a scale that will pay big dividends.

### Favorably Located

The Wellington Mine is located two miles from the Colorado & Southern Railroad Station at Breckenridge, Summit County, Colorado, and connected with the railroad by a good wagon road which is open all the year. There are over 100 working mines in this district. Mineral Hill, on which the Wellington Mine is located, is the most productive section of the entire county, as three-fourths of all the ore shipped out of the county is taken from this big mountain. And Summit County is the second largest producer of minerals in the State of Colorado.

### A Limited Amount of Stock Will be Sold at 5c Per Share

This is your opportunity to invest in an actual shipping mine—one that has thousands of tons of ore in sight and seven ore veins that reach down to unknown depths. You never heard of a big deep mine in Colorado working out, and it is safe to predict that these immense ore bodies are practically inexhaustible and will continue their production for ages. It is safe to say the price of this stock will be doubled in 30 days, and in less than one year it is almost certain to be worth ten times its present selling price.



SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE WELLINGTON MINE, SHOWING THE IMMENSE AMOUNT OF DEVELOPMENT WORK ALREADY MADE, WHICH HAS COST OVER \$200,000.

### Notice To Investors

I have personally inspected this property and know that every statement made in this advertisement regarding the Wellington Mine is correct. Buy all the shares you can pay for because the price is too low considering the value of the property, and I am positive that in less than one year stock will be selling for at least five times its present price. If you can buy quite a large block of Wellington stock I firmly believe it will mean independence for you as long as you live. This is an investment that appeals to the common sense of conservative, thinking people. Don't wait for the stock to advance in price, but place your order now. Your investment is backed by \$2,550,000 worth of ore, or \$5 worth of ore for every dollar invested at the rate of 5 cents per share. You can figure for yourself how long an investment like this will last at such a low price. No officer can draw one cent of salary until the company is on a dividend paying basis. All the officers and directors have invested their own money in the property and are personally interested in putting the mine on a dividend paying basis at the earliest possible date. Remember a force of miners is at work blocking out more ore every day, and shipments of ore are regularly made to pay for this development work.

U. H. HOSTERMAN, Fiscal Agent.

### Write or Telegraph Today

Subscriptions for stock will only be received until sufficient funds are obtained to install all necessary equipment and machinery. Stock will then be withdrawn from the market. The Company also reserves the right to increase the price of stock without notice. You can't afford to delay in this matter. Act quickly if you wish to share in the large profits this Company will surely earn, as well as to secure the benefit of the rapid advance in the price of stock.



VIEW IN WEST END OF TUNNEL ON MAIN ORE VEIN

ALBERT PARKER, President.

CHAS. S. DOWNING, Treasurer.

J. W. OLDHAM, Secretary.

JOHN G. GOODIER, Supt. of Mines.

LOUIS H. HATFIELD, Counselor.

ALBERT PARKER, Capitalist, Kansas City, Mo.

JAMES W. OLDFIELD, Pres. The John Sterling Royal Remedy Co.

CHAS. S. DOWNING, Capitalist, Kansas City, Mo.

R. E. RICHARDSON, General Mgr. Kansas City Electric Light Co.

JOHN G. GOODIER, Miner, Breckenridge, Colo.

M. W. BENNETT, Insurance, Kansas City, Mo.

JOHN F. ALFORD, Pres. Kansas Book Co., Topeka, Kas.

OTTO JACOBS, American Rep. Van Couver Mfg. Co., Belgium, Kansas City, Mo.

DEPOSITORY: Fidelity Trust Company, Kansas City, Mo.

Cut out this Coupon and mail today

**U. H. HOSTERMAN, Fiscal Agent**  
**WELLINGTON MINES CO.**

**310-311 Fidelity Trust Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

Please send me full information in regard to Wellington Mine

Name.....

Address.....

VM

Address all Correspondence and Make Checks, Drafts and Money Orders Payable to  
**U. H. HOSTERMAN, Fiscal Agent, Wellington Mines Company,**

Kansas City, Missouri.

# Water-Lilies and Their Kindred

By Leonard Gilbert

In streams near many country homes there are still pools where water-lilies would flourish nicely if only introduced. Our beautiful native water-lily and a number of other attractive water plants, such as the arrowhead, spatterdock, cat-tail, water plantain, marsh marigold and grass of Parnassus, may be collected and transplanted to such quarters with ease, are hardy, and, once established, will appear perennially.

In warm-temperate climates the water hyacinth, lotus and a number of strange and beautiful water plants may be grown for the mere trouble of planting them. Dwellers in such climates have learned a lesson, however, from the iniquitous spreading of the "million-dollar weed," the water hyacinth, which the government is trying to suppress in the St. John's river region. Yet this water hyacinth is a very beautiful plant and a curious one that always interests children as well as grown people.

Tubs or half barrels sunk in the earth, and filled with soil and water are often used for growing water-lilies. They are the least expensive of water gardens and give their owners much pleasure when successful.

## A Six-Dollar Water Garden

The story of a pretty little water garden in a small city yard is attractively told by a writer in The Garden Magazine:

"In my small city yard at Bordentown, New Jersey, I have a three by five water garden that has given flowers from June to October. I have had as many as eight water-lilies a day. The walls and bottom of the basin are of single brick, laid in cement and well covered with cement to prevent leakage. The depth of a water garden should not be less than two feet, and the top of the wall not more than two inches above the surrounding surface, so that it may be the better protected from frost. After a month's exposure to the weather the pond is ready to be stocked with plants and fish.

"Early one May I purchased two hardy water-lilies, at fifty cents each, a Cape Cod pink water-lily, *Nymphaea odorata* var. *rosea*, and a yellow hybrid, *N. Marliacea* var. *chromatella*. The pink one blooms well, is beautiful in form and color and is deliciously sweet-scented. The yellow one has spotted leaves, is vigorous growing and blooms prodigiously. They were planted in boxes about a foot square. The riches' soil, or soil and compost in equal parts should be used. When they are placed on the bottom of the tank it may be filled with water. I use a common hose with which to fill it. Except by evaporation and overflow from rains, the water in my pond is never changed. Neither have the plants been disturbed during the five years I have had the tank.

"I also grow water hyacinths in my pond for the benefit of the gold-fish which deposit their eggs upon the floating roots in June, as well as for the curious beauty of their flowers and leaves. Then I lift the plant out to let the eggs hatch and the little fish grow in another tub. If left in the tank the young goldfish will be eaten by their parents. I have never known the water in this tank to become foul. Choice fish placed in it five years ago are still flourishing.

"Frogs come and go. Some remain awhile, become tame and spend the winter to serenade us in springtime. Birds are attracted, too. They drink freely, sit on the floating leaves while they bathe and give us a song or two in gratitude.

"When freezing weather comes the water is lowered eight inches by dipping it out, when a cold-frame is placed over the tank. When hard winter sets in, additional covering, of leaves or straw, is put around the wall and boards are placed over the cold-frame."

## Water-Lilies for Special Purposes

A very common mistake is to set out too many plants. An authority on the subject says that ten of the tender water-

lilies will cover a thousand square feet—an area twenty by fifty. A single plant of any one of the night-blooming species will measure twelve feet across.

The best water-lilies for tubs and the smallest ponds are Laydeker's hybrids.

Where these lilies can be naturalized on a large scale plant the sweet-scented American water-lily, *N. odorata*, the Indian and the American lotus.

In swift-running streams any hardy water-lily that you can anchor down in some way may be planted.

For streams that are too cold for other water-lilies, the Swedish rosé water-lily *N. Alba* *rosea* may be planted.

A brook that dries in summer may be dammed and made a reservoir, or filled with water from a hose. A good lily for such ponds is *N. odorata minor*.

In bog gardens plant no water-lilies, but naturalize fine water-loving plants like the cardinal flower, ferns, cat-tails, plumy grasses and marsh mallows.

The Japanese iris is a superb plant for sunny brookside gardens. Several of our mints, cresses and the forget-me-not also love such banks.

My own water-lilies are grown in a pond originally constructed for fish, but later given up to the frogs and turtles and water plants. The bottom was a bed of soft black muck in which many kinds of water plants grew finely. We simply wrapped the roots in sheets of moss, with several loops of small wire curled about it and dropped them into the water, after curling one end of the wire about a heavy stone. The tender lotus sorts were sunk in small tubs in the edge of the pond, from which they were taken in the fall to be wintered in the cellar.

An experienced cultivator details some popular fallacies about these plants. A few of them are: That it costs a fortune to cultivate water-lilies. That you must have running water and artificial heat. That all water-lilies need deep water and are difficult to grow. That they are a menace to health. That the natural soil of streams is best for them.

## The Pond and the Soil

There are thousands of people who can make an artificial pond with little cost beyond that of the excavation, because the soil will hold water, or because they have water enough and to spare. But if water costs money, or the bottom of the tank leaks, the water garden is a sure disturber of domestic peace.

Three feet is deep enough for the center of a lily pond, and twelve to eighteen inches is a standard depth for the larger part of the basin.

As to soil for a pond or tank artificially constructed, it does not pay to imitate nature. One would suppose that muck and autumn leaves would be the proper thing, but there is little plant food in either. The standard soil for water-lilies is two parts of good, rich loam to one of well-decomposed manure. It is much better if this material can be composted in the autumn before it is wanted.

Since a muddy pool is a nasty and often a slimy and bad-smelling thing, it is best to cover the soil with an inch of sand, so as to keep the water clear and sweet. The most scientific way is to grow each plant in a box three or four feet square and a foot deep. Then you can control conditions.

## Varieties of Water-Lilies

Hardy water-lilies may be planted any time from the first of April till the first of September. If planted early they will bloom the first year. Lotus and the tender water-lilies are best planted in June or whenever the conditions are favorable for starting into growth at once. They have to be started indoors and grown under water in pots, from which it is easy to transplant them.

The roots of hardy kinds must be pressed firmly into the soil and a brick placed on each root until it anchors itself. It is sometimes more convenient to plant them in old baskets that you do not care to keep. Fill these with soil, plant the lily roots and sink the baskets under water.

The best lilies for small basins and tubs are the hardy native American water-lilies, *N. odorata* and its varieties, and the Laydeker hybrids. The latter require less room than the Marliac hybrids. Their flowers are smaller, also, but lovely. The favorites are *N. Laydekeri* var. *rosea*, the first and last to bloom and the most reliable; and var. *lilacea*, which has the fragrance of a tea rose. Other colors are reddish yellow, crimson-magenta and rosé crimson.

Blue water-lilies are all tender day-bloomers. The tender night-bloomers range from white through pink to red, but lack yellow, blue and purple. They open about 7 or 8 P. M. and the best hybrids do not close until about one o'clock the next day.

## Midsummer Rose Notes

From the queries received it would seem that readers of Vick's Magazine and of Home and Flowers are more interested in roses than in any other class of plants. The rose notes from month to month will, therefore, be given prominence.

The hybrid perpetual roses will have finished their first rich blooming time early in this month. As soon as their flowers have faded all the seed heads and withered blossoms should be removed and the shoots well pruned back,—the stumpy ones to a few nice plump buds each. Stir the soil well around them and give a thorough soaking of water if the weather is dry, and then a mulch of chaffy manure or grass. This is done with the object of encouraging growth and thus coaxing the plants to yield a few fine flowers all summer.

Some of the climbing roses, as the Ramblers, Baltimore Belle, etc., Madame Plantier and the Prairie, Moss and Persian roses will not be persuaded by any treatment to bloom more than once a year, but the hybrid perennials give some very fine flowers occasionally in summer, if well managed.

The tea and monthly roses are our constant summer-blooming sorts. If well mulched and watered in summer their fine show of buds rarely fails.

The rugosa roses bloom, more or less, all summer also, and these are roses from which we never remove the seed pods. The great ruddy fruits are as charming in winter as the flowers are in summer. The single white rugosa is incomparably finer than any of its double, semi-double or colored varieties. Multiflora, Nitida and Wichuraiana are other roses that have handsome fruits. One of the most beautiful roses to be found anywhere—is *Rosa setigera* which has the added recommendation of blooming late, after most of the other sorts have faded.

Paul's Carmine Pillar and *Rosa Altaica* are other splendid hardy single roses that ought to find a place in all gardens that have room for a good collection.

## The Rose Bug or Rose Chafer

This is the pest that destroys so many flowers during this month and the preceding one. Usually it comes about the first of June and continues its depredations far about a month.

The best—the only remedy for it,—is hand-picking, or "hand-shaking" into a vessel containing water and kerosene. If there are many roses to be rescued, a broad-mouthed tin can, or an old milking pail, is convenient; for smaller collections a smaller can or cup will do. Pour in some water, enough to cover the bottom of the vessel an inch or more and to this add a little

kerosene. Pick or shake the bugs from infested bushes into this. The water gives bulk to the fluid and the kerosene floats on the surface killing every insect that it touches.

With a pail on one's left arm and the right hand kept busy shaking off the bugs into the pail it does not take long to make a round of the garden and to kill many bugs. A garden thus treated every season has fewer and fewer bugs every year unless the neighbors are entirely neglectful of their rose bushes.

Other remedies for this bug are pyrethrum powder in dust and in water, kerosene emulsion, hot water, etc., but the above remedy is the quickest, most effective and least objectionable of any that I have ever tried.

## Rose Blight and Mildew

These are troubles about which there are several questions this month and they have been amply treated under the question department. Extremes of weather are apt to cause them: unseasonably cold weather, drought about blooming time, rich, rank manure mulches too heavily applied in hot weather, etc. Sulphur applied in various ways is the best remedy yet known. Spraying with lime and sulphur, Bordeaux mixture and copper sulphate when the fruit trees are sprayed are good preventives.

## Calendar Work

Watering, mulching, staking and tying, with stray bits of pruning among the shrubs and roses, are the most of the garden work for this month.

Green stakes are much less conspicuous than others. Set all stakes early and tie the plants to them in a natural way, so that the effect will be merely that of support and not of training.

Bulbs of narcissus, hyacinth, tulips, etc., that are to be lifted and replaced by other plants, should be taken up now, before their tops die down. They can be stored in trenches until well cured, with a little sand, hay or grass scattered over them, and then put away on shelves until time to plant them again.

The annual Phlox Drummondii, sweet alyssum and candytuft are good plants to cover beds that have been filled with spring-flowering bulbs. So is portulaca,—a little quick-growing salamander that loves full sunshine, is sure to succeed anywhere, and that makes vivid rainbows of color with its flowers every morning all through the hottest weather.

The hardy chrysanthemums need good care this month in watering, staking,



A Fine Specimen of the Lotus

# Vick's Magazine

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FRANCIS C. OWEN, EDITOR

tying and stopping back for well-branched specimens. A chrysanthemum that becomes discouraged enough to wilt or drop its lower leaves in hot or in rainy summer weather does not give as good flowers as one that has not so suffered. For this reason, and because we so often have long weeks of rain in summer, I like to grow my large-flowered chrysanthemums in pots or boxes. These I can carry into the house if the downpour continues for more than a day or two.

In very warm July weather do not apply strong stimulants of any kind,—chemicals, manures or soot.

One very successful gardener of the neighborhood, who has suffered from chicken depredations of the kind detailed by Miss Bennett last month in her garden, used stones as a mulch for her flower beds,—stones so heavy that the chickens could not scratch them up. She moves them when weeds spring up or cultivation is necessary, but says that they are a great help not only as chicken restrainers, but in keeping the roots of her plants cool and moist through the warm weather. The leaves of the plants soon hide the stones, but a pansy bed, just coming into bloom, with the white of heavy creek pebbles peeping out between the leaves and blossoms, was about as pretty as any I ever saw.

Seed gathering also begins this month. Seeds of pansies, pinks, foxgloves, sweet-williams, phlox, daisies and all the other early-blooming plants will split their husks and self-sow soon if not gathered.

The pods when gathered can be spread on papers in shaded out-of-the-way places until dry and then carefully marked.

I like to sow seeds of these early plants as soon as they are gathered in some shaded bed kept for the purpose. If sown now and cultivated a little so that they make a good growth before frost they will bloom, well and early next year. The seed seem to germinate much better, too, than if kept until September, when such seeds are usually sown.

Phloxes and columbines, the seeds of which are ripening now, are among the easiest of all plants to naturalize in pretty wild patches.

Study the various tub, pond and tank water gardens, if you have not one of your own, to help mature plans for making one.

The study of walks is another subject that demands attention in country homes. Shall we have grass, stone, gravelled or flagged walks? I used to advocate grass walks altogether because they are natural looking and easily kept in order. But the state of one's health and footgear must be considered.

Callas that have bloomed and been dried off gradually can have their pots turned on their sides in some out-of-the-way place until September.

This is the best month for potting freesia bulbs if they can be obtained. Good bulbs potted now should be in bloom for Christmas.

Cuttings of geraniums, heliotropes, etc., inserted now in wet sand, make good winter-blooming plants.

Pinch out the buds of roses and geraniums that you wish to have bloom in the windows next winter.

## The Question Box

In this department questions on topics of general interest will be answered. Those requesting an answer in any particular number of the magazine should be sent in a month before its date. Correspondents will please observe these general rules: Write queries on a separate sheet from any other matter that your letter may contain. Write your name, town and state plainly on the same sheet; they will not be published. If you wish an immediate personal answer enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply. In reporting a failure with any plant, detail the treatment given it.

### Fig and Guava

Where can I obtain plants of the Brown Turkey fig and of the guava mentioned under Query 117 of the Home and Flowers Question Box?—Mrs. A. J. L., Texas.

Both of these plants are sold by John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, New York, at prices varying according to size of plants. Several other nurserymen who advertise in these columns probably have them for sale also. The price of a good plant is usually twenty-five cents.

### Tigridia Bulbs.

Can I plant Tigridia bulbs now, or should they be planted in fall? What sort of a place should I give them? I had no success last summer. The plants were very weak and the flowers would not be fresh and brisk.—L. U., New York.

Tigridias should be planted in spring or early summer, in an open, sunny place and in rich, rather sandy soil. The effect is better if several bulbs are planted in a group. They like the same culture as the gladiolus. In New York it would be necessary to lift the bulbs in fall and store them away in a frost-proof place. The individual flowers are odd, showy and last but for a day, yet a good clump of strong bulbs will open a number of flowers each day for a month or more.

### Lilies and Iris

1. Please tell me when to buy and plant and how to care for Lily bulbs: Auratum, Pardalinum, Tiger, Chinese, Mexican Scarlet and Valley. 2. Also the Japanese Iris. 3. Where can I procure the Opal lily?—S. E. G., Mexico.

1. The best time to buy and plant lilies is in fall. A special article on their culture will appear in the September number. The so-called Chinese lily is a narcissus and should be planted either in a pot or in a bowl of pebbles and water in fall or early winter. If your bulbs decayed the temperature was probably too low, or the water covered them

deeply. It should just touch the base of the bulbs.

The Mexican Scarlet lily is an amaryllis, or hippeastrum, that is frequently forced in winter, like hyacinths, and may be given the same treatment. All the winter flowering bulbs will be treated in an early fall number of this magazine.

The Lily of the Valley is really a fibrous-rooted perennial and not a true lily. It will grow and bloom under most unpromising conditions, but thrives best in somewhat moist, rich soil and in partial shade. The roots may be planted in spring or fall, preferably the latter.

2. The Japanese iris is not a very good subject for growing in pots—the unsuccessful treatment you outline. It has strong masses of fibrous roots that it would take quite large pots to accommodate and much watering to satisfy. It loves best a rich soil and a sunny, boggy place, but will grow and bloom beautifully even in dry upland clay soil, if the latter is made rich enough and well supplied with water. If you have a bit of garden I would advise planting your roots in it, shading them from the sun until well established, giving plenty of water and a soil to which considerable well-decayed old manure has been added. That from cowstalls is the best. Liquid stimulants or prepared fertilizers of any kind should not be used until the plants begin a vigorous growth, and show buds. To plants in a dormant or diseased state stimulants are injurious. If it is necessary to grow the irises in pots, repot them in fresh, sweet soil of the kind indicated. That in which they are now growing is probably soured and poisonous to the roots. Drain the pots well with an inch or two of broken crocks or charcoal and place over this a layer of moss before filling in the soil. Leave an inch or two above the surface of the soil and the rim of the pot, so that plenty of

water can be given. The extra drainage will make it possible to water plentifully without souring the soil.

3. The speciosum lily, Opal, was, for a time controlled by John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, New York, and can probably still be obtained of him, or of other florists who advertise in Vick's Magazine.

### The Castor-Oil Treatment

I have lately been told that castor-oil put in the soil for rex begonias was a good thing. Will you kindly tell me in your magazine if this is true? Also is it good for other plants?—Mrs. W. E. A., New York.

I do not know how this bit of folly ever originated, or why it should have been so widely credited by novices in plant-growing. Castor-oil is much more likely to kill plants, if given in any appreciable quantity, than to benefit them.

### Agapanthus, Tuberous Begonias, Ants

1. Is the Blue Lily of the Nile hardy? Should it be dried off in fall? How old must it be to bloom? What is general treatment?

2. Is it better to let tuberous begonias stay dormant through winter in the pots in which they grew, or to take up and store them like gladiolus bulbs?

3. The soil in my flower bed is full of ants. How can I get rid of them?—Mrs. L. B. W., Michigan.

1. The Agapanthus, which is sometimes called Blue Lily of the Nile, is a tender bulb from the Cape of Good Hope that in Michigan would require about the same treatment as an amaryllis, that is, to be kept dormant as a tub plant in a frame or light cellar through winter and brought up in late winter or early spring to bloom in the conservatory or living-room. In winter only enough water is given to allow it to retain its leaves. As spring growth begins, the water allowance is gradually increased, until, when the flower stalk appears, its thick mat of strong roots which frequently burst pots, will eagerly drink up large quantities of moisture. The winter rest is necessary in order to ripen and mature the root for blooming. If the leaves are entirely dried off in winter, the plant, of course, is slower in starting in spring and can be bedded out in the garden in a rich, light soil and sunny place. When dormant it will endure a few degrees of frost. Some plants grow

(Continued on page 24)

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# THE HOUSEHOLD

## Cold Desserts for Hot Weather

Josephine Worthington

A dessert at least once a week during the hot weather is very acceptable and it is worth while to occasionally put the effort into making an ice cream or fruit sherbet rather than working over a hot stove to cook meat.

Water ices and sherbet are generally served about half melted but it is possible to freeze them so they are as fine grained and creamy as an ice cream. The right proportion of ice and salt, the length of time required and the process of stirring has everything to do with the desired result.

Water ice is composed of a syrup and the juice or mashed pulp of some fruit. Never use any whole fruits as they will appear as solid chunks of ice. Add the juice of two lemons to a quart of any of the small fruits, it will improve the flavor.

Sherbet is made in exactly the same way with the addition of the white of an egg beaten with a tablespoon of sugar and added when the water ice is partly frozen.

It is a good plan to prepare the mixture so as to stand over night in the ice box and get thoroughly chilled. Boil the sugar and water five minutes, skim and stand aside to cool while you prepare the fruit. Pineapple can be put through a meat chopper. Mash berries and peaches or, better still, put them through a potato ricer. When the syrup is cold add the fruit juice. Canned fruit and jelly can be used in place of fresh fruit, using less sugar in the syrup. Pound the ice till fine in a coarse bag. Use rock or coarse salt. Put a layer of ice three inches deep, then a layer of salt one inch deep, till the freezer is nearly full, using ten pounds of ice to two quarts of salt. Pack down firmly and twist a clean paper in a roll to cover the ice. It helps to keep it cold and prevent any chance of salt getting into the mixture.

Sherbet and water ice should be frozen much more slowly than ice cream. Turn the crank a few minutes then rest about five minutes, stir slowly again and continue in this way until it is frozen pretty hard; then take out the dasher, scrape down the sides of the can and beat thoroughly with a wooden spatula or spoon. If a sherbet is desired add the white of egg at this time. Put a cork in the cover draw the water from the tub, add more ice and salt, cover with a piece of old carpet. Let stand half an hour, then scrape down the sides of the can and stir again. If this stirring is done three times the sherbet or ice will be very fine grained and firm. If freshly made it should stand an hour to blend the flavors or "ripen" as it is called. If you have no freezer it is possible to use a deep pail or the inner kettle to a double boiler for the fruit mixture and a large bucket for the ice and salt.

I have spoken more particularly about sherbet though the same general rules apply to ice cream in regard to the packing. Always scald part of the cream and dissolve the cream in it while hot. When raw cream is frozen it has a snowy taste and cannot be made smooth and velvety. Add fruit after the ice cream is partly frozen.

### Lemon Water-Ice

Four nice juicy lemons, one orange; one quart of water; one and one-fourth pounds of sugar. Put sugar and water on to boil. Dissolve two tablespoons of gelatine in a little water. Add to the syrup with the grated rind of three lemons and the orange, be careful to use only the yellow part as the white skin will make it bitter. Boil five minutes; when cool add the juice of the orange and lemons and strain through cheese-cloth. Freeze.

### Pine-Apple Sherbet

One large pineapple; juice of two lemons; one quart of water; one and one-half pounds of sugar. If a pint can of pine-apple is used take half as much sugar.

The fresh pine may be grated or chopped. When partly frozen add the beaten white of an egg mixed with one tablespoon of sugar. Freeze as previously directed. This is good.

### Orange Sherbet

Juice of twelve oranges; juice of one lemon; one pint of sugar; one quart of boiling water two tablespoons of gelatine. Proceed as directed for lemon ice, add egg and freeze.

### Peach Sherbet

Two pounds of peaches; six peach kernels; one quart of water; one and one-half pounds of sugar. Cover the kernels with hot water and remove the skins, pound them to a paste and add to the hot syrup. Mash or press the peaches. Freeze. Add egg as directed.

### Refrigerator Leaks

By Maude E. Smith Hymers

The refrigerator was a new one, as was also the little housemistress who was supposed to have charge of it, consequently dire was the dismay when the promising piece of furniture sprang a leak. It was a very persistent leak, and its source hard to discover; it appeared to come from the inside, running out along the front. The bottom of the refrigerator was flooded, and the kitchen floor divided by little rivulets of water.

"Whatever shall we do, Charley?" exclaimed the little housewife tearfully. "I've looked and looked, and I can't tell what is the matter."

Charley confessed himself puzzled. "Guess I'll have to send the plumber around," he said ruefully.

"The idea of a plumber for a refrigerator," laughed his wife. "Let's just send the refrigerator back to the store and tell them to send up a good one at once."

Which suggestion would have been acted upon it is difficult to say, but just then a visitor was added to the distressed group in the kitchen.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed the little housewife. "I'm so delighted to see you; now maybe you can tell us what is wrong with this refrigerator; it is leaking shamefully!"

(Continued on page 22)

### Our Special 60-Day Offer

Every former reader of Home and Flowers should read carefully our Special 60-Day Offer made on page 20 of the June number. On account of the very low rate made we can not continue it indefinitely. We have some interesting and instructive subjects to be treated in a manner interesting to every lover of flowers and the home. We feel sure that you will be pleased with Vick's Magazine.

### Do You Suffer From Hay-Fever?

Medical Science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-Fever in the West African Kola Plant, about which so much has lately been said in the Medical Journals. Its cures are really marvelous. Mr. Chas. Seidenkron, N. Y., writes Jan. 8th: I took patent medicine, almost as bad as my physician, until I was discouraged, but was cured by Himalaya, the Kola Compound of Hay Fever and Asthma. Mr. W. H. Johnson, Iowa, writes Jan. 8th: Suffered for 30 years with Hay-Fever until cured four years ago by Himalaya. Mr. Jos. Gentry, Horton, R. F. D. No. 1, Kansas, writes Jan. 22nd: Was a sufferer for 30 years with Hay-Fever and Asthma. Himalaya cured me and I know my cure is permanent. Dr. W. H. Campbell, a prominent physician of St. Louis, Mo., writes March 8th: I had him cure me on ten different Hay-Fever patients and all fail to give satisfactory results in every case. Mr. W. F. Campbell, Sanborn, N. Y., writes Feb. 6th: That Himalaya cured his son. Others of our readers give similar testimony proving it truly a wonderful remedy. As the Kola Plant is a specific constitutional cure for the diseases, Hay-Fever and Asthma sufferers should not fail to use it, as it will positively cure them. If you suffer from Hay-Fever or Asthma we advise you to write your address to the Kola Importing Co., No. 18, McLean's Ferry, Cincinnati, O., who, to prove its wonderful power, will send a Large Case by mail, entirely free, to every reader of this paper who requests it. It costs you nothing and you should surely try it.

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Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive she is always anxious to give valuable suggestions to all who would add to their incomes. She requests all who would like to know how they too may do as she has done, no matter whether they live in small towns or large cities, to write her, addressing Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 1252, Kokomo, Ind.

Ed.'s Note:—All women who would like to make independent incomes for themselves, should write Mrs. Miller today.

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## Motherland

EDITED BY  
VICTORIA WELLMAN

All questions relating to this department should be addressed to Mrs. Wellman in care of Vick's Magazine. In letters requiring a personal answer enclose a stamp for reply.

Our crosses are hewn from different trees  
But we all of us have our Calvaries.  
We may climb the heights from a different side—  
But we each go up to be crucified.  
As we scale the steep, another may share  
The dreadful burden we have to bear.  
But the costliest sorrow is all our own:  
For on its summit we bleed alone.

—Selected.

### Breaking a Child's Will

Sad to say, some people believe in actually breaking the will of a child. To a thoughtful mind the future results must be such as to cause a thrill of pity or of horror: for, according to inherited temperament and prenatal culture the child degenerates mentally or morally into a false self and even when not brutalized is set into a state of discord for life. These people err. Either they can not, through narrow views, look ahead for sake of the child they called into life, or else they will not because of their own brutish obstinacy and self-love, (conditions they allow in themselves but loathe in others) and only care for the present results of seeming obedience.

Far be it from me, my readers, to seem to encourage an all too strong modern tendency to allow children to be self-reared. The poor home training given so many children causes countless teachers and Sunday School teachers to mourn; for they are commonly martyrs to a national type of impertinent, unruly childhood which astonishes the average foreign visitor. Tact! Wonderful twin of Wisdom, how seldom are homes managed by its great frictionless influence.

I confess to a healthy respect for Solomon's rule. Indeed any rule may be misapplied by hasty or tactless individuals. Some little trick or passing habit may be curbed or lightly punished (and blessed be the wise disciplinarian who has a variety of punishments to rely on) and surely not in inelegant language, be "hammered out" of the unlucky sinner because forsooth the day is hot, the work too hard, the times hard. Indeed even deserved punishment, when a nervous child and a hot, wearing day are combined, may well be put off for an hour—just to cool off—and considered as to justice.

Sometimes when mutely observant in a crowd I meet glaring cases of tyranny and small pettishness in parents, and utter lack of steady rule showing in words and acts, until, as I watch some child slapped, shook or scolded all too roughly, I long for justice to administer the needed lashing to the parents whose lack of control fairly demands of the child a toleration and forbearance not given to itself. Childhood has many woes and wrongs. The cruellest is the process of "breaking the will," the mate to which is indulgence—easy going, lazy or over liberal—of every caprice or fault.

How should we fare were the Father of All to condemn us for mistakes or faults as severely as for willful sins? Suppose He began a course of "breaking the will" of any of us!

No the Divine Will never crushes. We are blest in having strong wills. Hot tempers or mere stubbornness are afflictions and only our own will can control them. By the right use of her will a heavily burdened mother whose health is nearly wrecked by sorrows and overwork, adjusts the burden when she first learns that another life is in her hands. In

place of the dismal outlook upon the future strain on her already tired body, an all too thin purse, and the natural dread of coming agony, she wills to be resigned, to rest all she can, to love the unborn. Another, perhaps in much less easy circumstances, resists the new cross. She wills, mutely, much evil to herself and the family, and by this negative use of her will, spoils all the good otherwise possible. The first mother receives an unasked reward in the character of her child; alas! so does the second. Women possess endurance and will power which, were the view of things broader, would render their self-sacrifices a potent power to reform by creating good.

Difficulties arouse latent powers if—if the will is strong and sane. Preserve the will in every individual, for it is the best power for good possible to any of us. This advice must not be stretched into meaning no punishments, no correction or no repression of real faults.

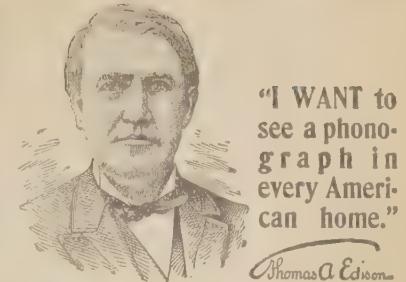
An illustration: A child of three whose parents were themselves goodhearted but extremely "set" people (in other words "obstinate"), accompanied them on a very wearisome trip from a distant state. Arriving, instead of a comforting, sooth-ing, bath, light supper and early bed, she was kept awake, overfed—and then treated as follows: The mother, talking volubly meanwhile, began to undress the weary child. To show her cleverness she commanded the child to remove her own stockings. At first the opposition was small and could be easily surmounted by tactfulness; but no! The mother insisted and persisted until every one in the room wished she would undress the child herself with no more fuss. Posing as a Spartan and model she punished the little rebel, now thoroughly rebellious, and alternately had her husband do so. Eventually after nearly two hours fierce struggle that mother, herself in tears, used as a weapon for the purpose, a stick of fire-wood, bringing blood but no victory. Almost crazed, the child still shrieked hysterically "I won't, I won't, I won't!" (No one thrashed those blind parents!)

By her fine qualities in other respects that mother retained some affection and respect so that as a young woman she understood and loved her mother. What a miracle that children can love in some cases those tyrants legally able to afflict and distort their lives.

Some of my readers may say I am no judge of these matters. In truth I shrink from giving advice on most moral lines because no two lives are alike; but in this line hard experiences fit me to speak both from the child's and the parent's view point. I was a strong-willed but peace-loving child, easier led by a kind word than a blow. I am mother of some children who seem to combine the two sides of the family in what one relative acknowledges as stubbornness, another names it "grit," but as the fault of obstinacy and the gift of strong will are confusing when in combination in a small child whose self-made unhappiness is less understood by itself than the observers it is no pleasant task to meet the moods so easily caused by tactless words.

Yet no sweeter pleasure have I ever secretly cherished than a victory, "bloodless," tearless though slow and wearing to the nerves, on some occasion worth while; for blindness to some small thorns may be wiser than dispute or punishment. Blessed be diversion as

(Continued on page 23)



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**The Household**

(Continued from page 20)

"Leaking, why that is something unusual, isn't it?" said the elder lady.

"But see the wet all over the floor, and see how it trickles out where the door opens here."

The elder lady peered into the cool recesses with a puzzled expression. "Have you cleaned it lately?" she asked presently.

Mrs. Charley flushed. "I washed it this very morning," she said with dignity. "But what has that to do with the leaking?"

"Yes, dear, I see it is beautifully clean, but the pipes—have you looked after them?"

Mrs. Charley's face expressed bewilderment. "Why, what have I to do with the pipes?" she asked blankly.

"Everything," said her mother emphatically; "everything or nothing, and I fear it is the latter. I think I can show you where lies the trouble."

Mrs. Charley looked surprised when her mother began removing the things from the refrigerator, even the shelving joining the accumulation on the kitchen table.

"Now if you will just remove that waste water pipe where it fits over the other section at the floor of the refrigerator, I think you will see the cause of the leak. Just look down through the remaining section of waste pipe to the catch pan below."

"But I can't see through," exclaimed Mrs. Charley.

"No, you can't, but you should be able to, and that is the cause of the trouble. See here!" and the elder lady held out to them the drip cap, which in old fashioned refrigerators always finishes the end of the waste pipe.

"Why it's all choked up," cried Mrs. Charley in disgust.

"But how am I to get it out?" asked the inexperienced one.

"Well, I use a long stick or wire, the stove poker often, with which to push a cloth through. Use plenty of water as well, although that, even when the tap is turned on full force, is insufficient to dislodge it. Push the cloth through repeatedly, until nothing could possibly remain clinging to the inside of the pipes, then those parts that are detachable can be washed in an antiseptic solution.

"Always cool hot dishes in the cellar before setting them in the refrigerator; and vegetables and fruits coming from the store, where they may have been lying in the sun, should lie a few moments in cold water to reduce the temperature. But don't keep too many kinds of vegetables in the refrigerator if you have a cellar.

"I notice that your refrigerator has a separate compartment beneath the ice chamber, which is a good thing. In this all milk and butter should be kept, as nothing absorbs odors so quickly. Even then it is better to keep milk in covered dishes, glass fruit cans are excellent for the purpose, and agate or stone ware for the butter.

"Then too, put the least odorous foods on the lower shelves. The cold air from the ice chamber, being heaviest, comes down into the milk compartment, across to the next shelves where are the vegetables and fruits, with the left over dishes at the top, where the slightly warmed air has a greater capacity for distributing odors."

"About the ice bill, do you think it saves the ice to keep it wrapped in cloth, as so many advise?" asked Mrs. Charley.

"No, I don't," asserted her mother. "In the first place, the cloth or paper tends more or less to vitiate the air of the refrigerator, which must be kept pure; and in the second, granting that the wrapping prevents melting of the ice, it would hinder the proper chilling of the refrigerator. Ice cream never begins to freeze until the ice about it begins to melt, and so the ice in the box must be allowed to melt in order, as it were, to liberate its cold."

"Well, I'm glad to know these things; it will help us to avoid plumber's bills, eh, Charley?" laughed his wife slyly.

"Or buying a new refrigerator every month," retaliated her husband good-humoredly.

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It runs by the aid of Gravity-Power,

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Give it a start with your hand, and gravity pulls it along.

A little help is needed from you each time, but gravity does nearly all of the hard work.

The Tub whirls on wheels that follow the curving gravity tracks, and as it spins around, first one way, then the other, it is raised and lowered at every revolution.

All the weight of the Tub and Clothes rests on these light-running wheels.

That's why the Tub spins as easily when full of clothes and water as when it is empty.

So, a whole tubful of Clothes can be washed almost as easily and as quickly with this machine as a single garment could be washed.

\*\* \* \*

"How does it wash Clothes?" you ask.

Well, it's done by driving the hot, soapy water through the meshes of the Clothes as the Tub and the water whirl rapidly—and by alternate squeezing and suction as the Tub is raised and lowered.

There's a perforated wooden disk that rests on top of the Clothes, which is held so firmly in place by the center rod that it can't move up nor down.

But the Tub moves up and down as it whirls half way round and back, squeezing the Clothes against the disk when Tub goes up, and forming a suction of water through the Clothes when the Tub goes down.

Thus, the swift driving of this soapy water through the Clothes at each half turn, and the squeezing and suction, washes the dirt out of the threads without any rubbing.

Mind you, without rubbing, which means without wearing, the Clothes.

It's the rubbing on washboards, and on other Washing Machines, that wears out Clothes quicker than hard use at hard labor.

That costs money for clothes, doesn't it?

And the everlasting rubbing is the hardest work in washing, isn't it? Rubbing dirty clothes on a metal washboard with one's knuckles, over a tub of steaming hot water, is harder work and more dangerous to health than digging coal deep down in a mine.

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Well, the "1900" Gravity Washer cuts out all the slavery of washing, and half the expense.

It will wash a whole tub full of dirty clothes in Six Minutes. It will wash them cleaner in Six Minutes than they could be washed by hand in Twenty Minutes. And it won't wear the clothes, nor break a button, nor fray even a thread of lace.

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And, it's the hot, soapy water, swiftly running through the clothes that takes all the dirt out of them in Six little minutes.

A child can wash a tub full of dirty clothes in half the time you could do it yourself—with half the work.

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And, a 1900 "Gravity" Washer lasts 10 years.

Well, pay us the 50 cents a week our 1900 "Gravity" Washer will save you, for a few months only.

Then you will own a Washer that will last 10 years without any cost to you. But don't pay us a cent until you have tested the "1900" Gravity Washer for a full month at our expense. We will ship it to any reliable person free, on a

month's trial, and leave the test to you. And we will pay the freight both ways out of our own pockets. That shows how sure we are that the "1900" Gravity Washer will do all we promise.

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Remember, we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer between strangers?

How could we profit by that offer unless our "1900" Gravity Washer would do all we say it will?

How could we have sold thousands upon thousands of "1900" Washers on this plan, if they hadn't "made good"?

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Write us today, if you want a month's free use of the quickest Washer in the world.

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355 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

If you don't find it does better washing, in half the time, than you can wash by hand, send it back to us. If you don't find it saves more than half the wear on the clothes, send it back to us. If it doesn't wash dirty clothes in six minutes, send it back to us.

\*\* \* \*

Remember, we will pay the freight both ways, out of our own pockets. You don't even say you'll buy it, till you have used it a full month, and know all about it. Isn't that a pretty straightforward offer between strangers?

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## The Attic

Edited by Luella M. Mackey

### Old Spindle Bedsteads

Long ago discarded, you can make into things you will enjoy. If the varnish has disappeared, so much the better, for the wood can be sandpapered and stained Flemish oak and waxed, or left the natural walnut and oiled. If there is trouble because of hardness of the wood, bore holes or burn them for bolts or wooden pins.

To make a beautiful reception chair, use the heavy posts for legs, retaining the castors if you like. Make the legs nineteen or twenty inches high; fit on a large roomy seat, and then make the back only twelve or fourteen inches high, and around two adjoining sides, using large posts for corners and top, and the small spindles to fill in. Plenty of loose cushions will finish. If your bedstead had rounded corners instead of posts, make the chair-back of two entire sections, using round corners, spindles, and the base in which they are set, joined at the corners with another post. This base could be nailed to the edge of the seat. But be sure to fasten all securely.

One of those slender, fragile-looking chairs for the hall, more to be looked at than sat upon, can be made of the old posts and spindles and be as handsome as though it had cost five or six dollars.

Beautiful "what-nots" can be made of spindle beds, using the posts for base, and spindles between the shelves; three

for a corner what-not, but four for the side wall, and it is better to add them across the ends of each shelf. Irregular lengths and placing of shelves is not a difficult effect to secure. A music rack can be made in the same way, with shelves as wide as sheet-music, and more shelves closer together will preserve the music better.

An immense old settee can be made by using an entire footboard for the back, with the side rails for ends, cut fifteen or eighteen inches long. Fasten a piece of the rail across the front and use posts for front legs. Place a board seat if possible; but failing this, upholster in some simple practical way.

There is no end to the uses that can be made of old spindle beds. The tall posts with knobs at top make really rich table legs turned top down. As uprights for screens, they are unsurpassed; the wings can be attached by hoops or clamps of metal or leather fastened around the post and to the wings, forming hinges.

The chiefest objection to the spindle bed was its fearful capacity for catching dust. And if there be one place where the use of the feather duster can be exonerated, it surely is here. But a chamois skin wrung from water not quite cold and either clear or very slightly sudsy, used as a dust-cloth every week or two, is the very best cleaner for this and most furniture and woodwork.

### One's Old Shirtwaists

The finer ones, when worn beyond

using, seldom find their way to the attic being usually considered too useless for even so kind a fate. But a very large item of one's wardrobe may be provided from this prolific source, by making them into handsome corset-covers. And the sleeves can be made into over-sleeves dainty enough and useful enough to don when preparing afternoon tea or even a heavier meal in "dress-up" attire.

Shirtwaists always give way across the back first, then in front about the neck; often they are worn just under the arms, and sometimes break at the top of the sleeves.

Cut out the sleeves—don't trouble to rip—try on, and mark the outline of the top of the corset-cover, allowing for the

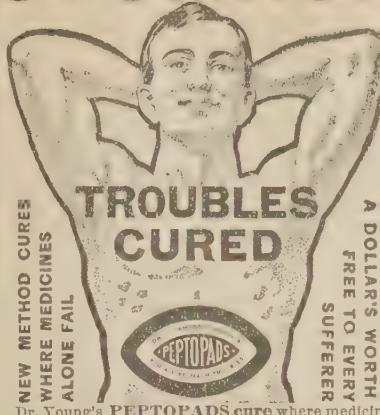
(Continued on page 37)

### Motherland

(Continued from page 21)

a homeopathic cure when a wee child quite unexpectedly becomes "set." Woe if their shrewd little eyes detect the purpose. Obstinate children often show some tiny proof of their fault at six months old. To proudly feel I met some such dilemma with the wisdom and harmlessness a mother covets is quite enough reward. I dread to see any child afraid of a parent—or boldly defiant to any friend. Either quality implies so much; however there are no blemishes on our children but could be more thoroughly cured "if we only understood," if we could see as they see and on their level ere we pass judgment.

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WHERE MEDICINES  
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### WOMEN

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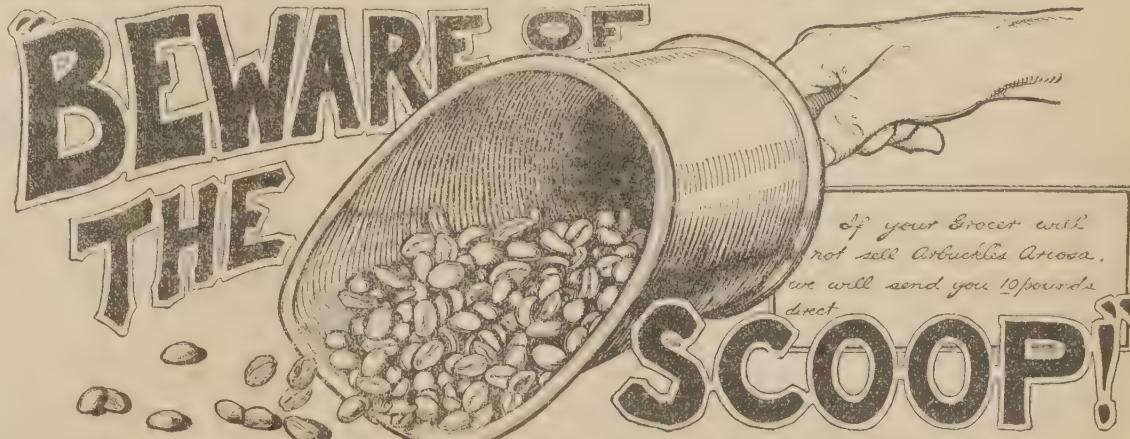
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## The Question Box

(Continued from page 19)

so much more rapidly than others that the blooming age is variable. Again when plants are sent by express much larger ones are received than can be sent by mail. I would prefer to pinch out a flower-spike on a weak plant, have it make a strong growth that season, if possible, and expect a strong, well colored umbel of flowers the next season. With age a good root makes a grand clump, sending up many flower clusters each year.

2. Tuberous begonias may be kept through winter in the pots in which they grew and this is probably the best way for people inexperienced in their culture. If shaken from the soil in which they grew they must be stored in boxes of sand.

3. In my own flower beds the ants have never been troublesome except in swarming over and sucking the juices from peony buds. Repeated sprinklings with tobacco stems or powdered tobacco of any sort will usually keep them away. An Ohio correspondent recommends as a remedy for ants in lawns a mixture of Persian insect powder in water,—one-fourth of a pound of the powder to the gallon of water. Use fresh, pure powder that has been kept in air-tight packages or vessels; place it in the watering pot, pour on water and keep stirring the mixture while it is being slowly poured into the ant-hill tunnels. One application is said to be enough, usually. Another remedy is to pour a little bisulphide of carbon into each hill and put a bit of board over the apex to keep in the fumes. This is also an excellent remedy for moles and ground mice.

### The Scale Insect

My lemon tree is infested with a scale of some kind. Please tell me what it is and what to do for it. It has grown a good deal and seems healthy. I got it last spring; this spring it had three blossoms, but they have fallen off. Please tell me why.—Mrs. W. R. G., Louisiana.

Unless conditions of soil, treatment given, temperature, etc., had been written I cannot tell why the tree dropped its leaves. If it is one of the small plants usually sent by mail it will not probably set fruit until next year. The insects upon the leaf sent were lusty specimens of the brown scale and if the little tree maintains a large colony of them no wonder it is discouraged. The best way to remove them is by repeated scrubings with a stiff brush,—a discarded tooth or nail brush is a good weapon,—and a wash made of fir-tree oil and water: about an ounce of the oil can be added to ten of water, the two shaken together in a bottle and the liquid used once or twice a week until the insects disappear. Whale-oil soap and the kerosene emulsion are also frequently used for scale. Gishurst's Compound and the fir-tree oil are less objectionable on plants grown in living-rooms.

### The Swanley White Violet

My Swanley White Violet has been planted in a box about fourteen months and has never bloomed. It has runners which have taken root. Please tell me what culture to give it to insure its blooming.—F. H., South Carolina.

If you have a cool, shaded spot in the garden that you can use for violets, spade it up well and mix with the soil some sand, leaf-mold and fine, friable old manure. Sever the violet runners from the parent plant and set them about eight inches apart in this soil. Give them good culture and plenty of water all summer and by fall they will have formed good strong crowns that should bloom well from October to April if a little glass frame is built over them. Or, if you have a cold-frame lift them carefully with a ball of soil about their roots and set them in it in September. If you wish to increase your stock of plants let runners form through summer at the expense of winter flowers. If flowers are the main object cut away all except one or two runners from each plant and detach these as soon as they are well rooted. Notes on the culture of violets are given in the February number of this Magazine (page 9) and also in the May number (page 37). Another article on violet culture will appear in the early fall.

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## A Tangled Web

(Continued from page 6)

cousin Stephen was coming down from London that day instead of waiting until the end of the week, and that "that artist friend of his" was also coming to be a guest at the Bladebone. Mr. Beaufort said he had left invitations for both of them to be included in the dinner party.

Nuna had felt indifferent about dress for that evening, but now it became a subject to consider. The white gown she had meant to wear did not look fresh enough. She gave a little sigh. What a scanty choice she had! "Why can't I wear my black silk? It looks quite nice with the lace flounces. I will look nice, I'm determined."

Acting on which resolution, instead of getting lost in a book till within a quarter of an hour of dinner, Nuna roused her energies and kept them active till she had made the drawing-room look as pretty as possible. When she got to her room, she felt ashamed of herself; her cheeks were burning, her hands and feet icy cold, and her heart was throbbing most uncomfortably.

"How vain I am; as if Mr. Whitmore cares a bit for me. Why, he talked far more to papa than he did to me when he came last time; but—well, I don't care for him, of course not. Only he is an artist, and artists always have such taste and appreciation.

She blushed with pleasure when she looked in the glass.

"I hope Will won't think I have made myself look extra well for him," she thought; "but no, I really believe he has given up caring for me." And she almost jumped downstairs with the feeling of relief.

The Brights came first; and at the sight of Nuna Will's heart sank, and then his love grew almost beyond his power to conceal. She looked radiant tonight; the black falling lace round her shoulders made a sort of cloud shadow to the pure pearly skin, the soft glow on her cheeks heightened the lustre of her eyes—they shone like stars; and the exquisite white flower suited so well with the glossy dark hair.

Mrs. Bright kissed Nuna, then held her hand a minute, and then kissed her again.

"How nice you do look, dear; just like a picture in a keepsake I've at home, though to be sure that lady looks silly, spite of the black lace and all, and nobody could ever say you looked silly, Nuna, could they? But you know what I mean; it's the look and the lace and flowers and all that sort of thing, in the keepsake. It's a very pretty story, you know, dear, but a sad ending; she thinks,—the lady, you know—her name is Dolores—well, Dolores thinks her husband don't love her, and so she takes poison."

"Then I'm afraid Dolores was decidedly silly," said Pritchard.

"Do you?" Nuna's eyes looked direct into Mr. Pritchard's; his talk was new, and it amused her, and amusement was to Nuna that which sunshine is to a flower. "I don't mean," she smiled, "to champion suicide, but I always think women who take poison must be mad, and surely such a cause as that would make any woman mad."

Pritchard felt as if he could hardly contradict her, she looked so wonderfully pretty; he noted the depth of feeling that glowed up into her eyes, and he quite envied his cousin Will.

"By Jove! how that girl will love when she does love."

"I'm afraid I must still call a woman silly who goes mad on such a subject," he said, smiling. "What do you say, Mrs. Bright?"

"O Stephen, you know I never argue with you, and I believe you said the story was badly written. I suppose that was because of its old-fashionedness. I'm sure I can't see what the writing of a story can have to do with the excitement of it; it seems to me that's all one cares for. I always skip everything but the exciting parts; you see I can't think and be interested all at once, and when people are married against their wills—at least when they marry the wrong person through a mistake, or because their father can't pay his bills—I never think of anything but getting on fast, I always

feel so excited to know what will happen when the right lover turns up afterwards."

Mr. Pritchard had been nervously pulling his beard in his intense desire to speak. "The right lover! My dear aunt, I'm alarmed. What is to become of the morals of the rising generation if a sober-minded, strait-laced matron like you patronizes these toadstools of literature? Why, why—" Mr. Pritchard's contradiction made him quite indifferent on which side he argued, so long as he was in opposition to every one else—"don't you know that they are a pack of lies—monstrous humbug from beginning to end? People never act in real life as these mawkish little girls do. No, I beg your pardon, girls in novels are not mawkish now-a-days; they are nasty little materialists. Such love as they feel would never break their hearts or drive them mad in real life. I'm free to admit," he looked eloquently at Nuna, who had sat down beside Mrs. Bright, "that there may be women capable of one only *grande passion*,—or two perhaps, women who love with a vengeance. But these women have noble, steadfast souls; they would not sit and snivel out their existence on themselves."

Mr. Whitmore's entrance interrupted Pritchard.

Paul was presented to Mrs. Bright before Nuna had time to speak to him. Miss Beaufort thought he seemed older, graver. She felt so absurdly shy and timid as he came forward, and yet she had been quite at ease with Mr. Pritchard whom she had scarcely ever seen before. She really was glad when Will began to talk to her.

Paul looked at her with warm admis-

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I have never drank whiskey since March 22, 1892 when I began your treatment. I do not crave any whiskey to this day. B. D. Wilson, Driech, Texas.

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I bought your cure under a nom de plume in 1896 it cured me. E. A. Barnes, Pittsburg, Pa.

Write to Dr. Woolley, Box 87, Atlanta, Ga.

ration; and then he remembered all that Pritchard had told him about Will's love, and he fancied that the light in Nuna's eyes, and the glow of her cheeks, were caused by the presence of her lover.

Before dinner was over he felt that he had taken a great dislike to the young farmer. They sat opposite each other, on each side of Nuna. Will had contrived to oust Mr. Jenkins from the place intended for him. For a minute Nuna looked vexed. Will was very good, and all that, but she could have him to speak to any day. She would so much have liked to get Mr. Pritchard and his friend all to herself. Even a small party like this was a great break in her life. There was no Elizabeth to mount guard over her saucy speeches, and she rattled on in answer to Paul's talk in a way that disturbed Will. He had never seen Nuna like this before. She could laugh and joke with him in former times, but then the jokes had always been at his expense; but this was different. Mr. Whitmore teased Nuna, and laughed at her as Will would not have ventured to laugh, and yet her eyes grew brighter every minute.

Certainly she now and then turned to him, but he felt that it was only from courtesy; he knew she was longing to go back to her talk with that presuming puppy opposite.

Relief came to Mr. Bright at last. Pritchard, at the other end of the table, asked his friend a question.

If Will had been less in love, and consequently less jealous, he would have got something ready to say to Nuna; but Will was seldom ready. He was worth hundreds of others who thought him a fool, yet in some ways he was like a piece of mechanism—he wanted to be set a-going; and Nuna, excited with her present enjoyment, had no time to give her old friend the necessary help. Will had nothing of real interest to say, but he was not going to lose the opportunity given him.

"I say, Nuna, what do you think I saw in Guildford yesterday?"

"I can't guess." Nuna's ears were strained to catch the talk on the other side of her.

"Well, it was a new species of club-moss." Will's voice sank to the flat tone that comes even to the best storyteller when he has lost the interest of a listener. "If you like,"—he lowered his voice to compel her attention—"I can get you a plant of it."

At another time Nuna's eyes would have glistened at such an offer; now she felt ready to cry. She wished Will out of the window—anywhere. How could he whisper to her at dinner, and before Mr. Whitmore but the next minute she thought that of course, if Paul knew the brother-and-sister acquaintance they had had as children, he would not wonder at their present intimacy.

"Oh! thank you, Will," and she smiled frankly up in his face.

Mr. Bright looked across the table at Paul, and the expression he read comforted his jealous heart.

Will's tongue was set free.

He could have taken Nuna in his arms and kissed her, little darling; she did not want to cast him off altogether then, and the great honest fellow grew garulous in describing the beauty of his new treasure.

"Then I'll bring you one as soon as I can get it; shall I, Nuna? I knew you would like it," said Will triumphantly. It was intensely satisfactory to call her Nuna before Mr. Whitmore.

It seemed to her as if all the sunshine of her evening had clouded over; the old humdrum sensation came back, and with it an inclination to gape.

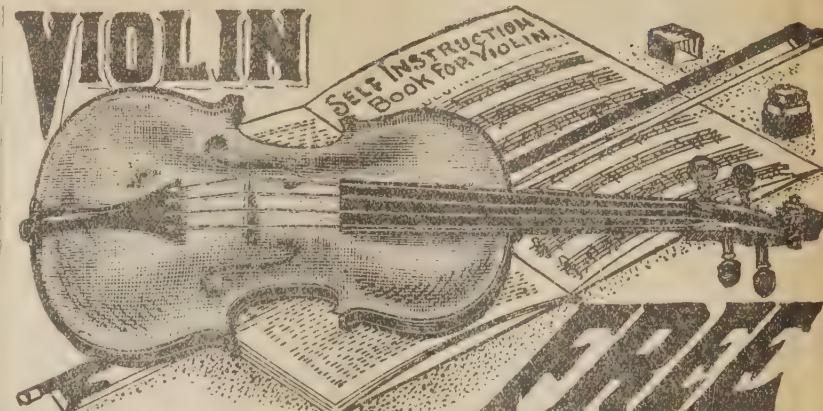
"Oh please, don't trouble," she said. She remembered she had resolved not to accept another present from Will. "Give it to your mother instead; you know she likes all sorts of ferns."

Nuna was miserable. Of course every one at the table knew that Will was going to make her a present, and there was a contented smile on her father's face that enraged her. She glanced quickly at Mr. Whitmore; he, too, was smiling; so seemed to be enjoying her confusion.

"Have you a collection of these curiosities?" he asked.

"No, none worth talking about."

"But you are known to be a lover of



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STATE OF CONNECTICUT, COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD, ss. BRIDGEPORT, July 15, 1905. I do hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing copies of photographs and testimonials with the original photographs and testimonials and that the same are correct transcripts therefrom.

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them, I suppose?" He looked at Will as he said this.

"Yes, she's very fond of them," said Mr. Bright, quite unconscious of Nuna's vexation, "and she has several ferns well worth looking at." He spoke as if Nuna belonged to him and he was acting showman.

"Ah, it is no doubt a most exciting study," said Paul, mischievously.

"I only care for them," said Nuna pettishly, "because in the country one has so little to care for, and I don't suppose"—the dark eyes were raised deprecatingly to Mr. Whitmore, as if to implore him not to tease her—"you or any one who has seen a really good collection of ferns would think those I have even tolerable."

Poor Will! if she had looked at him, she must have felt sorry; but she could not forgive him for having put her in a false position, and she would not turn her eyes towards him till she left the table.

The evening was soon over. Nuna sang, and Mr. Whitmore was charmed with her rich full voice, and placed himself so that no one else could stand beside her.

"What right had I to do it?" he said, as he walked back to "The Bladebone," "she is that fellow Bright's property, not mine, but she is too good for him. She'll wear her heart out tied to such a prosy, commonplace lout. What eyes she has! and what a figure! I wish I could make out whether she likes that cousin of Stephen's."

And then he remembered the expression of her eyes when he had looked down into them as they parted in the veranda, and he felt that if Nuna married Mr. Bright, it would be a most thorough mistake!

CONTINUED IN AUGUST

## Jack and the Beanstalk

(Continued from page 9)

"Do you know what it is, papa?" Nuna asked with frightened persistency.

"No, I tell you," he shouted, and showering down all the other papers that were lying on the table, he closed the iron lid with a great clang, locked it violently, and put the key in his pocket.

So Lina's skeleton was only a parchment skeleton after all. A very vague, backboneless skeleton, and yet it haunted her continually. She had heard the story of the Lefevre's accusation. The thought of that dusty parchment returned to her many and many a time. At church, when she saw Mrs. Lefevre's widow's bonnet bobbing before her, the skeleton popped from over a pew. In the sunset lane, when she read poor Hans' verses, her skeleton came, crackling and dusty, to haunt her. Lady Stella had no need to take the young man's defence so warmly. Poor Lina listened, day by day more pale and more distracted. She could not help it. In vain she blamed herself and her own unworthy suspicions. How dare she suspect her father? She was pursued by the thought that she had seen the missing lease. She had tried once again to speak to her father on the subject, but her courage failed before the furious expression of his face.

Lina was no heroic nature; she could not stand before his rude vehemence. Miss Gorges should have been cast in some firmer mould. Sir George would have been a better man if his wife and children had been less afraid of him. Lady Stella was the only one of the party from whom he would ever bear a contradiction, but to her Lina could not breathe her suspicions; she kept them close and brooded and pondered upon them and drooped sadly.

"She seems all out of tune, somehow," said Harold to his wife.

"She was very much upset by that scene on the common," said Lady Stella, "and now your father is very much vexed because she will not even look at poor Mr. Crockett. It is a pity. She wants some more interest in life. She does not seem happy, and does not look well. Harold, look at baby! actually standing by the chair," and as she took her baby in her arms, Lady Stella thought to herself, with some sweet and pardonable pride that she herself was

happy, and that her own life was indeed complete.

And yet all this time Lina was growing and toning and ripening in spirit, as people do, who have even a sorrow to educate them. Each terror and regretful longing taught her to feel for others, for the grief at her gate, for the trouble that met her along the road, as no description could have ever taught her, and with her sympathy and secret revolt of heart (which was all the more passionate for its enforced silence and terrified suppression), the girl's somewhat morbid nature seemed to grow silence by silence. Some strange new impulse impelled her to be more true to her own self than she had been hitherto. When Lina said no to Mr. Crockett's advantageous proposal, she was firm to her new faith, though she had much to go through from them all, to say nothing of Mr. Crockett's persistent persecution: he was an amiable, obstinate man, and having "come forward," as Sir George said, seemed little inclined to go back.

But something had raised a veil from Lina's eyes, taught her to try to grasp at the solemn soul of life, not to fear sorrows as she once had done, nor to turn from those sacred sad rites, by which, at the price of sacrifice and with pangs of self-renunciation, the mystery of life in some inscrutable way, as time goes on, touches the very stones and sanctifies our daily bread.

CONTINUED IN AUGUST



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**FIVE HUNDRED PRIZES GIVEN AWAY FREE.**

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**Seventh**, Solid Gold Ring, set with three Genuine Opals; **Eighth**, Solid Gold Chased Band Ring; **Ninth**, Seamless Rolled Gold Ring, set with a Genuine Diamond; and **491 OTHER GOOD PRIZES**. The letters must be used only in their four groups, and must be arranged so that they do not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the four groups and made the four correct flowers you will have used all the letters in the four groups. The four flowers are quite common and very popular and everybody knows them.

**Why we do this.** We make this liberal offer so that the name and fame of our great Illustrated Popular Monthly Family Magazine will be known in every home in the country. **TRY AND WIN.** If you make the four correct flowers and send the solutions at once, who knows but what you will get a big prize for your effort? Anyway, we do not want you to send any money with your letter and a contest like this is very interesting to those who participate. This is not an easy contest. It is a test of merit and skill. **Brains will win.**

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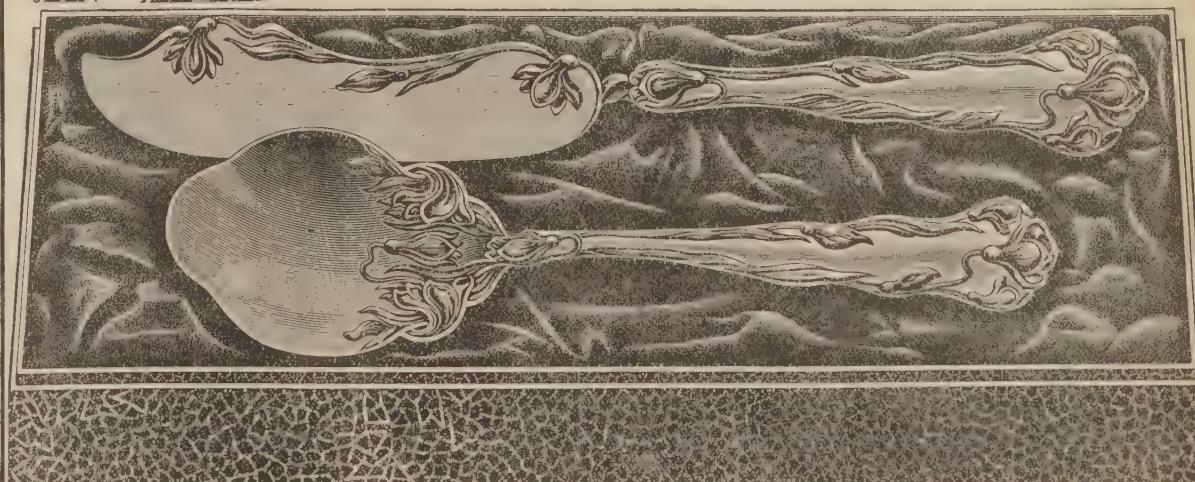


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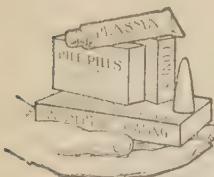
About 40,000 are gone already, but I am going to give away a total of 100,000 of these butter knife and sugar shell sets. I set my mind on this the first of the year and I am going to do it. I sell these sets regularly at \$1.10 each. They are made of Solid Cuevee Silver, warranted for 50 years. They are not cheap plated ware. Cuevee Silver is a comparatively recent discovery, being a blend of metals that for durability is actually better than Sterling silver. You can't get it anywhere else. It is an exclusive Quaker Valley product. I am going to say frankly that my sole object in making this free distribution of \$110,000.00 worth of goods is to advertise Solid Cuevee Silverware. Every married lady in the United States can have one of these sets (provided she sends in her request promptly) by

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## The Childhood of Ji-Shib

(Continued from page 10)

as Indians do. Why not? Every one eats when he is hungry, if he can find food; and eating makes him better natured.

Next morning the harvest began. Ji-shib's mother and another Squaw gathered their canoe full of wild rice from the tall waving stalks which grew higher than their heads in the water of the river.

When they came to the shore with the canoe full of grain, Ji-shib helped take the rice out and spread it to dry on a rack over a slow fire. It was his duty that first day to keep the fire burning. But he was careful not to have it burn too high, or it would have burned up the rack and grain. When the grain was dry enough, it was carried to the threshing-hole, and, after spreading a deerskin in the hole, they filled it with grain. Then his father stepped into the threshing-hole, with new moccasins on his feet, and there he danced and stamped around until he had threshed the hulls all off the kernels.

Ji-shib's mother emptied the grain and hulls from the deerskin into a large birch-bark tray. This she held in front of her, all of the time shaking it in a peculiar manner, when soon the hulls were shaken to the top of the kernels and out over the edge of the tray on the ground. All that was left in the bottom of the tray when she finished shaking it was clean grain, ready to cook and eat.

They remained three weeks gathering wild rice, and the several wigwams each had many skin bags full of delicious grain.

But this is not all they did. Every night they danced or feasted or told stories, and nearly every night they did all three things. During the day the Indians shot wild fowl in the rice fields, because all they did in the harvest was just the threshing of the grain. The children carried rice and kept the fires, and some of the larger boys at times went hunting with the Indians. But the Squaws worked all the time.

Ji-shib played war party a great deal. Since he had seen the old Indians making war arrows and heard their songs, he had twice dreamed of going to war with his father. And since he heard one night at the rice fields that when he was a babe the Sioux had killed fourteen men from his own village, he wished very much that he was old enough to go to war and avenge the death of his tribesmen. He knew, however, that he was not old enough. It would be fully ten years more before he would be a warrior, with a chance to fight and die like a brave Ojibwa.

Within a week after they returned to the village from the harvest, the old Indians and Squaws had all come from the quarry and workshop; and the warriors in both villages at the lake had nearly one hundred arrows each. Their tomahawks and war clubs and shields were all made, and each warrior had ten or twelve pairs of strong new moccasins to wear while making the long journey westward to the Mississippi river, the Sioux country.

The Ojibwa Indians from the small villages on the Chippeway and Wisconsin rivers, and from Bad river at Lake Superior, had come to the village to join the war party. When each Chief reported the number of warriors whom he had, it showed that there were in all about eight hundred.

Everything was ready, the evening of the last day had come, and they joined in a great wild war dance. The yells and songs and speeches of the chiefs and warriors stirred and aroused the courage of everyone. Each Indian there, who was not too old or too young to go to war, was made to feel brave and courageous, and resolved to join the war party when it started next day.

Although Ji-shib was much too young to go to war, or even to go so far from home, yet he felt the surging hatred of a brave warrior when he heard how many times his people had been killed by those deadly snakes, the Sioux. But he had great respect for their cunning and bravery, for that very evening had he not heard how a large band of his people once attacked a small Sioux village whose few warriors fought until they

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died, although they knew that they could not defeat so large a party?

It was nearly midnight before they went to sleep, and each wigwam was packed full of warriors.

While Ji-shib' slept, he thought that the beautiful young Indian, who came to him so often in his dreams, came and softly pushed aside the deerskin at the door and peeped in. Then the young Indian beckoned to him to come. He awoke outside the door, and by the dim gray light of early morning saw several persons darting about in the dense fog from the lake.

Suddenly the dogs at the farther end of the village began to bark, and instantly every cur within hearing took up the cry.

Ji-shib's grandfather came hurriedly out of the wigwam and his quick eyes saw enough at a single glance. Before Ji-shib' could speak or even think, his grandfather yelled, "The Sioux! the Sioux are here! the Sioux!" As an answer came the Sioux war cry from every part of the village. Ji-shib' had once been greatly frightened when the Thunder Birds called and yelled during a fearful tempest; he had once run from his father all the way to the village when he heard a wounded mother-bear roar and howl. But when he heard that war cry his blood turned to ice, his legs gave way under him, and he sank trembling and helpless on the ground. It was as though every tree, yes, every leaf and every grain of sand, had an Evil Spirit in it which had been wounded and yelled for vengeance.

The startled Ojibwa Indians poured out of their wigwams, each one a warrior stripped and armed for battle. Immediately came their answering war cry—a cry which Ji-shib' had often used in playing war; but not until then did he know what that cry really meant or how awful it was. He could not speak or move.

Many of the Squaws and children ran to the lake shore to escape in the canoes, but the Sioux had pushed all the canoes far out in the lake. They had hoped to drive the Ojibwa people to the lakeshore and kill them there. But the barking of the dogs disclosed the presence of the Sioux before they had discovered that the village was full of warriors, for they certainly had not intended to attack a village with four times as many warriors in it as they themselves had.

Ji-shib' was dragged inside the wigwam, where there were several Squaws and children huddled together awaiting what might happen. Three times arrows were shot into the wigwam from the outside. One of them struck the grandmother in the arm, but when she saw that it was an Ojibwa arrow she laughed and pulled it out and dressed her wound.

Once a young Squaw crawled into the wigwam and fainted near the fire. Her clothes were nearly all torn from her, and there was an ugly bleeding wound in her naked back. Her poor little babe was crushed and dead in her arms.

Suddenly a fiendish Sioux yelled his war cry in their very ears; a Sioux knife ripped a long slit in the wigwam cover opposite where Ji-shib' was curled up by his mother. Almost instantly there followed a fearful moan outside, and something heavy fell against the wigwam and afterwards to the earth. All was silent for a few seconds, then the awful dread was broken by the Ojibwa cry of victory, and it was the voice of the good old grandfather. He peeped in at the opening which the Sioux had made, and immediately darted away, carrying a fresh Sioux scalp in his hand.

At first there were yells and sounds of battle all around the village, but soon they became scarcer and fainter until the war cries came only from the deep forest. By and by they died away entirely.

About noon Ji-shib's father looked anxiously in at the wigwam, and, laying a bundle of buckskin at the grandmother's side, hastened away again. She looked at it, and groaned. Then she unrolled the bundle, for it was the breech-cloth, leggings and moccasins of brave old Ma-kwa, the grandfather. As she came to the tomahawk and bloody knife wrapped up in the garments, she put her arms around Ji-shib' and hugged and hugged him. Without saying a word to any one she took the weapons of her dead husband and went out into the for-

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est; when she returned at midnight she carried a Sioux scalp in her hand, but no one knew where she got it.

Gradually the warriors came back to the village, but it was nearly a week before the last returned. Among these was Ji-shib's father, and he said that scarcely a Sioux who attacked the village would be able to reach his own wigwam to tell the sad tale of their ill-fated war party.

The grandmother made a bundle of her husband's clothing and carried it about with her for a year. It seemed as though nearly half of the Squaws in the village carried such a bundle on their backs to show that they mourned the death of a son or brother or husband. After all of the warriors had returned; that is, all who ever did return, the great scalp dance was held. They flaunted their enemies' scalps, and danced and yelled until every one was tired out. The warriors told of their experiences in the battle, and some one was always ready to tell how brave each dead warrior was whose bundle of garments some sick-hearted Squaw was at that moment carrying on her back.

But the thing which Ji-shib remembered best, and which he never could forget, was the closing speech of a great War Chief, who spoke as follows:

"Hear my voice, ye heroes! On that day when our warriors sprang with shouts on the dastardly Sioux, when they killed our Squaws and our babes, my heart burned to take vengeance. And here on my breast have I bled. See, see my battle wounds! Ye mountains, tremble at my yell! My foes shall die. They shall fly over the plains like a fox. They shall shake like a leaf in the storm. Their lost bones shall be picked by the vultures. Five Winters in hunting we will spend while mourning our dead. Our youth will then have grown to manhood, for the battle path trained, and our days we will end like these warriors. Ye are dead, noble warriors! Ye are gone, my brother, my fellow, my friend! But we live to avenge you. We hasten to die as you died."

Ji-shib knew that even when five years were ended, still he would not be old enough to go to war. But scarcely a week passed that he did not wish time would fly faster, so that he could avenge the death of his good old grandfather, who saved their lives from the Sioux Indian at the wigwam.

CONTINUED IN AUGUST

## At the Mast

(Continued from page 7)

sunny side of the world instead of searching for him through its fearsome dark places."

"I protest I am jealous," he exclaimed again next day. "You are like two young people planning good times together, in which I have no voice. Nay, nay, lad," he resumed as Rob looked up in surprise, "Lucia has had but a dull time while I have been wrapped up in the sorrowful search for you. I have had no heart for gaieties and have not considered her inclinations enough. Only do not supplant your old father in her affections, nor trot him around the world too rapidly."

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For 25c, we send formula that never fails to exterminate lice. Costs less than 8c per pound to make. Guaranteed. Used by many leading poultrymen.

T. T. Poultry Co., Springfield, O.

**STRAW INCUBATORS**  
NATURE'S only Perfect Hatcher. Made of straw like a hen's or bird's nest. Catalog free. Write to-day. Eureka Incubator Co. Abingdon, Ill. Box S

**RHODE ISLAND REDS.** Best strain in the country. Eggs that hatch \$2.00 and \$1.00 per 15. Circular free. EVERGREEN STOCK FARM, Larkfield, N. Y.

If you want the Best S. C. Rhode Island REDS write to me. Winners at N. Y. shows. Stock and eggs at reasonable prices.

ROBERT SEAMAN, JERICHO, N. Y.

**Keep Your Eggs**

all summer while prices are low and sell next winter at a good profit. Write for our plan it will interest you.

T. T. Poultry Co., Springfield, O.

**Hale's Turkish Hair Elixir**  
Restores gray, streaked or faded hair or mustache, quickly and permanently. Harness—does not stain, stick or grease, but restores its original color and youthful condition. Promotes the growth, removes dandruff and beautifies the hair. \$2.50 by mail. \$3 for 50c. THE TECUMSEH CO., Box A, BOSTON, MASS.

**SONG POEMS WANTED**, also Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge. GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 153 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

**SONG-POEMS** and Music MSS. Wanted. Highest Remuneration. Illinois Music House, 207 Chestnut St., Chicago

**CARDS** Send 2c stamp for LARGEST and FINEST Sample Book of Hidden Name, Envelope, Silk Fringe, Calling Cards, Fine Premiums, Low Prices and promptness in filling orders, we lead. COLUMBUS CARD CO., 29 N. St., Columbus, O.

**YOUR FORTUNE TOLD** FREE. Send 2c. stamp and birth date and I will send you a pen picture of your life from birth to death. MADAM TOGA, Dept. 43, Fairfield, Conn.

**SKULL AND CROSSBONES RING** The latest fad. Solid, Silver oxidized, sparkling red, ruby eyes. Artistic, Weird and Nobby. Will be sent by mail upon receipt of 50 cents. Excelsior Watch Co., 33 Cent. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

## The Attic

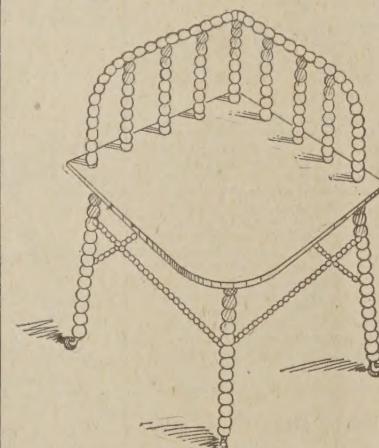
(Continued from page 23)

width of trimming you expect to use, before the shoulders have been cut away; lay on the trimming, embroidery, lace, or beading, stitch the lower edge, then cut away the neck and turn in the edge and stitch to place.

The sleeves, if worth saving, will be good half way above the elbow. Put this edge into a band of left-over insertion, leave open, finish one end in a point, and button tight enough to hold in place. If the lower end is of the full style, you may find it worth the trouble to cut off the cuff, take the fullness out of the seams, gather it into a band of insertion, and button around the wrist. These over-sleeves will save many a dainty waist a trip to the washtub or cleaner.

Shirtwaists beginning to break around the neck can be saved by letting in a round yoke of almost any material, just deep enough to replace the thin part; all-over lace or embroidery, insertion, tucking, yoking, plain lawn or India linen, and it doesn't matter at all whether it even pretends to match in either fabric or decoration. Stitch on and cut away the material underneath. It is very pretty if extended like a shield or chimesette, especially if the waist opens in the back. Sew on a collar like the yoke, finish with a frill of lace, and featherbone two inches each side of the center-back. The lace chimesette so much worn this year makes an admirable setting-off for top of waist, white or colored. And in the colored waist, this yoke may be white or cream lace, or it may be tinted with dyes to match the dress.

If the sleeves are full at the wrist, just rip them out, cut off the cuff, turn the sleeve the other end up to form leg-o'-



mutton, stir up the inside seam or cut off to elbow length, finish with yoke material and frills of lace. This will be quite up-to-date, and very pretty.

## Old Silk Ruffles

Frayed at the hem, when trimmed, washed, and pressed, can be made into a beautiful silk waist. Cut the ruffles into strips an inch wide and with an iron turn over the raw edges, being very careful to keep the width of the strips exactly even. Cut your waist pattern out of two thicknesses of newspaper, or heavy tough express or wrapping paper, and baste the strips of silk far enough apart to join with "faggotting" in very heavy knitting or crochet silk the same or a contrasting color. Or sew lace insertion the same color between. In the case of shades, the lace can be tinted with special dyes to match exactly.

If the ruffles are bias, a round or drop yoke can be followed, or almost any kind of fanciful design.

Woolen ruffles can be utilized the same way. But it is advisable to leave them wider and stitch them, one edge over another, like shingles; and a better result is obtained by making them to run round-wise. Two colors can be combined, or two materials or braid can follow the stitching, being stitched on at the same time; or a tiny fold of some contrasting color can be inserted at these joinings. There is no limit to the development of this idea into artistic as well as useful garments.



Winter-Blooming Freesias

## Mammoth Freesias Plant Them Now

We offer the best and purest strain of Freesias in America. Of the many strains of Winter blooming Freesias coming under the head of Refracta Alba, we wish to state emphatically that ours is the genuine large flowering strain and must not be confused with inferior hybrids with which the market is flooded. We guarantee every bulb sent out to be the genuine Refracta Alba or large flowering strain.

Winter blooming Freesias are so well known that a description is hardly necessary, and for those who have never grown them let us urge a trial. A half dozen bulbs planted in ordinary soil will produce a profusion of deliciously scented flowers. The color is pure white; lower petals tinged with yellow. Buds and flowers when cut and placed in water remain perfect for two or three weeks. They will grow in almost any situation, make good growth and bloom immediately. Any one can succeed with them.

Freesia Bulb

## Plant Them Early

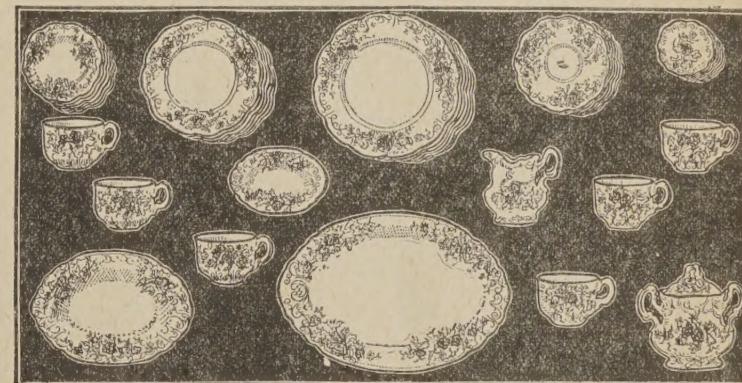
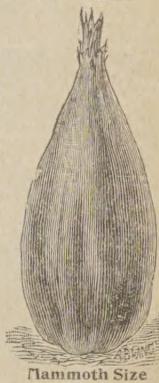
Freesias should be planted early for the best results. The sooner the better. The vitality of the bulbs being stronger now they will make stronger plants and produce larger flowers. By having the bulbs grown in large quantities by our own special grower, we are able to offer them six weeks earlier than any other house. Plant liberally of them. Their good qualities cannot be overrated. **PRICE** First size Mammoth Bulbs 3 years old, sure to bloom, 7c. each; 4 for 25c.; 10 for 50c.; 25 for \$1.00; \$4.00 per 100 post paid. Second size Bulbs about one-half inch in diameter 3 for 10c.; 30c. per dozen; 25 for 50c.; \$2.00 per 100 post paid by mail. Third size extra large selected bulbs 12c. per dozen; 50 for 50c.; 90c. per 100 post paid by mail.

## Address

The Dingee & Conard Co.,

Box 14, - - - - -

West Grove, Pa.



## THIS MAGNIFICENT COTTAGE DINNER SET FREE.

Forty-two pieces of American China (semi-porcelain) given FREE for a small club of subscribers. Six dinner plates, 6 pie plates, 6 cups and saucers, 6 fruits, 6 butters, a sugar bowl with lid, a cream pitcher, a steak plate, a vegetable dish and an olive dish, all of the best ware, decorated in five colors and gold. This is not a cheap "premium" set, but just such ware as you would buy at a first-class store. **Freight paid to any point east of Denver.**

**THE OFFER** Send 12 NEW YEARLY subscriptions to THE HOUSEKEEPER at 60 cents each and receive the Cottage Dinner Set, freight paid, as a reward for your trouble.

Sample Copies and Agents' Supplies sent on application FREE. Hundreds of ladies who have received one set are working for the second.

### These Letters Tell How Our Dinner Sets Are Appreciated.

Brandon, Minn.  
I have received the Cottage Dinner Set and am very well pleased with it. Please accept my thanks as I feel well repaid for my work.

Mrs. J. A. Urness,

Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
I wrote you this morning that I had not received my dishes and this afternoon they arrived. Every dish is perfect and I am delighted with them. They more than pay for the few hours' work done, and I shall certainly tell my friends about them.

Miss Hattie McLaughlin.

Takoma Park, D. C.  
which I thank you sincerely. You can send the other set for my second list as soon as possible. I will send you next week 10 more names, which will complete the third list of 12 subscriptions, and I will continue the work.

Annie T. Seaman.

Fill out and mail this coupon to-day. Do not delay.

THE HOUSEKEEPER CORPORATION, Coupon No. 2.

Minneapolis, Minn.  
Please enter my subscription to THE HOUSEKEEPER. After receiving three copies I will send you 60 cents for the year's subscription if I think the magazine worth the price. If I do not think it worth the price I will write you to stop sending it. You are then to make no charge for the copies sent me.

Name.....

V Address.....

THE HOUSEKEEPER CORPORATION, Dept. V, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

# WE TAKE ALL THE RISK

## All We Ask

is a Test, a Test at our Risk. We know what we have to offer, we know the public. We trust to the power of what we offer. We trust to the public's sense of Honor and Gratitude. The sick man or woman suffering day by day for lack of the right kind of help, is glad and happy to pay when they get the help. We know this, we know Vita-Ore will help, we know we will get our pay, and so we take the risk. We want to take it—all of it. We are glad to do it.

It is not a gamble, not an experiment, not a chance, but a test, and a test that leads to absolute sure conviction, to assurance, to positive knowledge that Vita-Ore is the best medicine on earth for sick and ailing, poor, thin, weak, debilitated, worn-out, Rheumatism-racked, Stomach-tortured, Kidney-tyrannized men and women. It is a test that leads to unassailable certainty that Vita-Ore is the Right Medicine for him or her who makes the test—a test that leads to our pay and Vita-Ore's popularity. That is why we take the Risk.

## AFTER FORTY YEARS

Vita-Ore Brings Health, Comfort and Happiness After 40 Years of Disease and Drugging—A Modern Miracle.

HILLSDALE, TENN.—For nearly forty years I suffered with Rheumatism and Piles. I cannot begin to describe the acute misery I experienced at times—it was too terrible. I sought for skilled treatment of one kind or another almost continually during this time. I went from one physician to another as the years went on; altogether about twenty-five different doctors have

sought to cure me. They treated me for Rheumatism, for Heart Trouble, for Liver and Kidney Disease; each doctor would have some new explanation of my trouble, but they all did what they could for me. I used many medicines and about all the home treatments I heard of, buying one after the other in the hope that I at least would be relieved, as I had grown to believe a cure impossible.

Sleep was almost impossible. My back would ache, I could not walk and had to crawl about when I wanted to move. I saw the advertisement offering Vita-Ore on thirty days' trial to every sufferer, and sent for it, not expecting a cure but in the hope of some relief. It was promptly mailed to me and I prepared it and used it carefully for thirty days. The result was astonishing as well as a great joy to me. My back was stronger; I was almost free from pain. I sent for more Vita-Ore and kept it up. I have used eight packages altogether and am now well—entirely so—and believe I am as happy as the happiest in the land. I never tire of telling others that I have been almost dead and buried and that Vita-Ore resurrected me to life, health and happiness. I am again an active, and, I hope, a useful member of society, walking about, doing my work and enjoying life as I have not for forty years past. J. M. SNOW.

## V.-O. Will Do As Much For You

as it has done for hundreds of readers of this paper if you will have it trial. Send for a \$1.00 package at our risk. You have nothing to lose but the cost to answer this advertisement. We want no one's money whom Vita-Ore cannot benefit. You are to be the judge! Can anything be more fair? What sensible person, who desires a cure and is willing to pay for it, can hesitate to try Vita-Ore on this liberal offer? One package is usually sufficient to cure ordinary cases, two or three for chronic, obstinate cases. We mean just what we say—do just as we agree. Write today for a package at our risk and expense, giving your age and ailments, and mention this paper.

## You Don't Risk

One Single, Solitary, Red Cent. You must spend 2 cents for a stamp to write for it or we cannot know that you need it, but we will return a 2-cent stamp to you after 30 days if you ask for it. We want the test to be absolutely, entirely and completely free of any and all cost to you if Vita-Ore does not help you. We do not want it to cost you one single penny unless the 30-day treatment benefits you, unless it proves Vita-Ore the remedy for your ills, as it has proven the remedy for so many thousands of others. We don't want a nickel of your hard-earned money unless you are glad, willing, happy and proud to send it to us for what Vita-Ore accomplishes for you. Then we want our pay and deserve it, but not otherwise! We take absolutely all of the risk. We leave it entirely for you to decide, to say that we have earned our pay or that we do not deserve it. Read our special offer; read the proof we give upon this page; read what Vita-Ore is; read what it has accomplished for others, and write today for the \$1.00 package on 30 days' trial.

## Read This Liberal

## Thirty-Day Trial Offer

If You Are Sick we want to send you a \$1.00 package of Vita-Ore, the great healer from the earth's veins, enough for 30 days' use, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it? That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes to insure for you new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what Vita-Ore is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

## From the Earth's Veins to Your Veins.

Vita-Ore is an ore-substance—a combination of minerals—mined from the ground, from the Earth's veins. It contains iron, sulphur and magnesium, three properties most essential for the retention of health in the human system, and one package of the ORE, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative value nearly 800 gallons of the powerful mineral waters of the globe, drunk fresh at the springs. The mineral properties which give to the waters of the world's noted healing springs their curative virtue, come from the rock or MINERAL ORE through which water forces its way to its outlet, only a very small proportion of the medicinal power in the ORE being absorbed by the liquid. Vita-Ore is a combination of these medicine-bearing minerals, powdered and pulverized, requiring only the addition of water to make a most remarkable healing and curing draught. Thousands have pronounced it the marvel of the century for curing such diseases as Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Blood Poisoning, Heart Trouble, Anæmia, Dropsy, Catarrh of Any Part, Liver, Kidney & Bladder Troubles, Stomach & Female Disorders, Nervous Prostration, General Debility.

IF you are sick or suffering from any of the above named disorders, in all of which V.-O. is of special value, don't let another day go by before you send for a trial package.

## It Is Different

from anything ever before offered, from other treatments you have used, as is pure milk from chalk and water or the brilliant sunlight from a tallow candle. It flows like life through your veins, pure as it came from the veins of the earth, and acts in a different manner, cures in a different way. It is different from all others and can be differently offered to those in need—on trial, the user to be the judge—a way sellers of medicine dare not duplicate or copy. Send for a dollar package today and test it at our risk. Do not delay, but do it today.

## FATHER, MOTHER AND SON

## All Cured of Serious Ailments

## And All Permanently Cured.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Vita-Ore has done much for myself and family. My husband has been afflicted with Catarrh for years and in 1900 he settled in his Stomach and nothing would help him. His Stomach would hardly stand anything. Whenever he tried to eat it caused coughing spells, at which times he vomited blood, and his death was expected at almost any hour. It was then my sister visited me. She had used V.-O. with good results and had some with her, which she gave him to try. My husband got better almost from the first dose, and was out of danger in a short time. We sent for more Vita-Ore and he kept on taking it until he got completely well, and he has remained so ever since, although now sixty-seven years of age.

About that time my son took very sick and the doctors pronounced it Quick Consumption and said he could not get well. We gave him Vita-Ore and he grew well and hearty. He was then twenty-six years of age and now is past thirty-two, is married and has two beautiful and healthy children.

I, personally, suffered for many years with Female Troubles until doctors told me that I had to have an operation as the only thing that could give me relief, and I consented. This was over ten years ago and it left me very weak and but very little benefited. It was the Vita-Ore which has given me strength and new blood so that I have since been able to attend to my housework. I will be sixty-six years old in May, but don't feel that old; I go about my work and duties now much better than I did twenty years ago. All of this we owe to Vita-Ore. MRS. EMMA SACHE, 322 So. Illinois St.



## LETTERS LIKE THIS

Show Why Vita-Ore Can Be Sent on Trial.

## V.-O. Cures

Where Others Fail Even to Benefit.

THEO. NOEL CO.

Vick's Dept.  
Vita-Ore Bldg.

CHICAGO, ILL.